DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD

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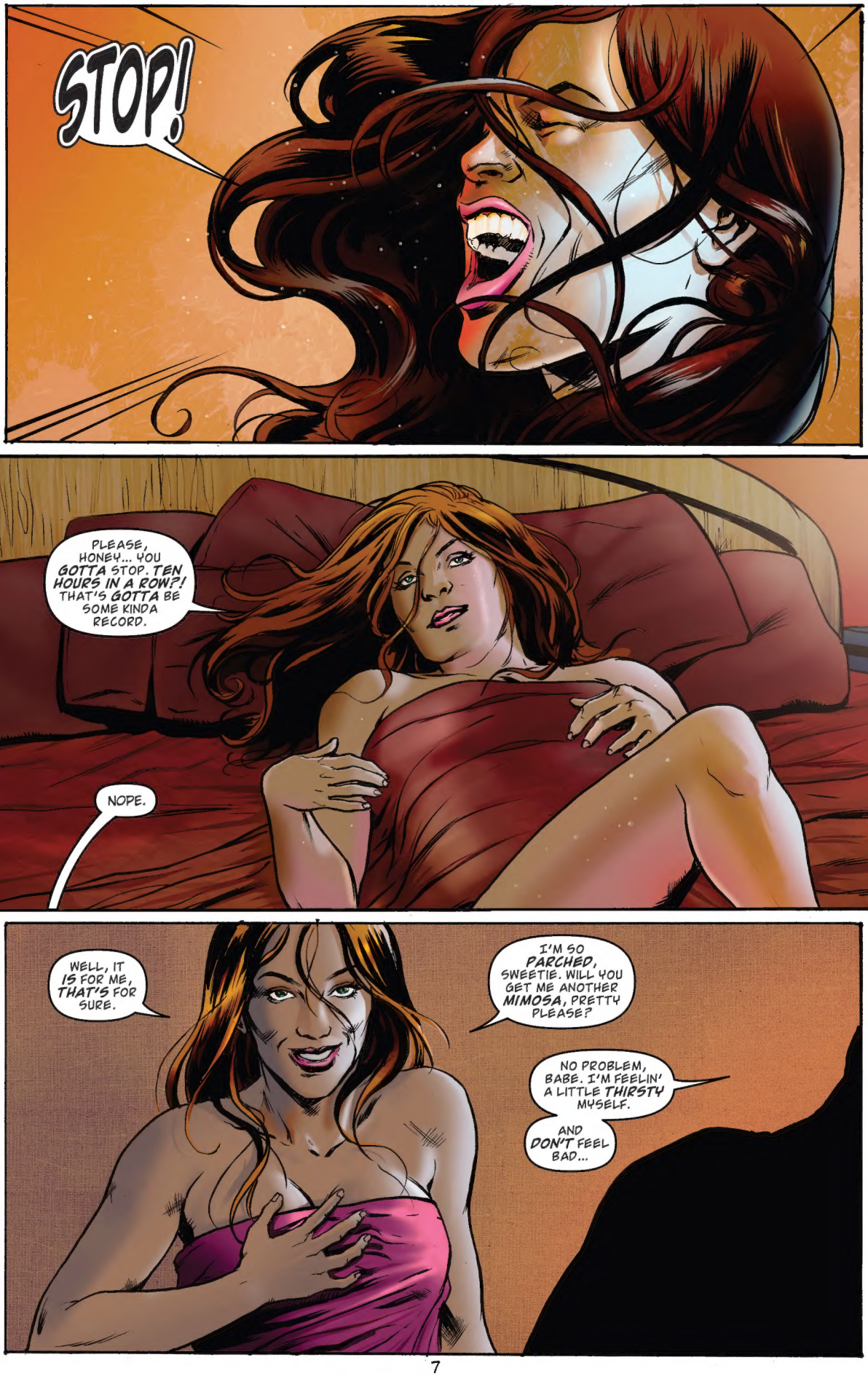
Chapter One
RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY. 1945.
"THE TIME HAS COME, OBERGRUPPENFÜHRER, TO ADMIT DEFEAT..."
...TO ACCEPT THAT YOUR CAUSE IS LOST.
BUT, THE FÜHRER HAS SAID—
YOUR MASTER IN BERLIN HAS FAILED, NO MATTER WHAT HE MAY CLAIM TO THE CONTRARY.
Maria
Vrilerinnen. Believed to be from another world.
Obergruppenführer Jürgen Hoff
Nazi SS officer. Not long for this world.
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK OF THE FÜHRER WITH SUCH BLATANT DISRESPECT. I SHOULD—
PLEASE, HERR HOFF—SPARE ME THE HISTRIONICS.
WE HAD THOUGHT OUR VISION FOR A WORLD OF SUPERIOR BEINGS... OF SUPER MEN... WOULD BE REALIZED THROUGH YOUR NAZI ARMIES. UNFORTUNATELY, WE WERE MISTAKEN.
SO, THE VRIL GESELLSCHAFT HAVE COME TO A DECISION. WE WILL NO LONGER RELY ON MERE MEN TO ACCOMPLISH OUR GOALS ON EARTH.
NO, FOR THAT...

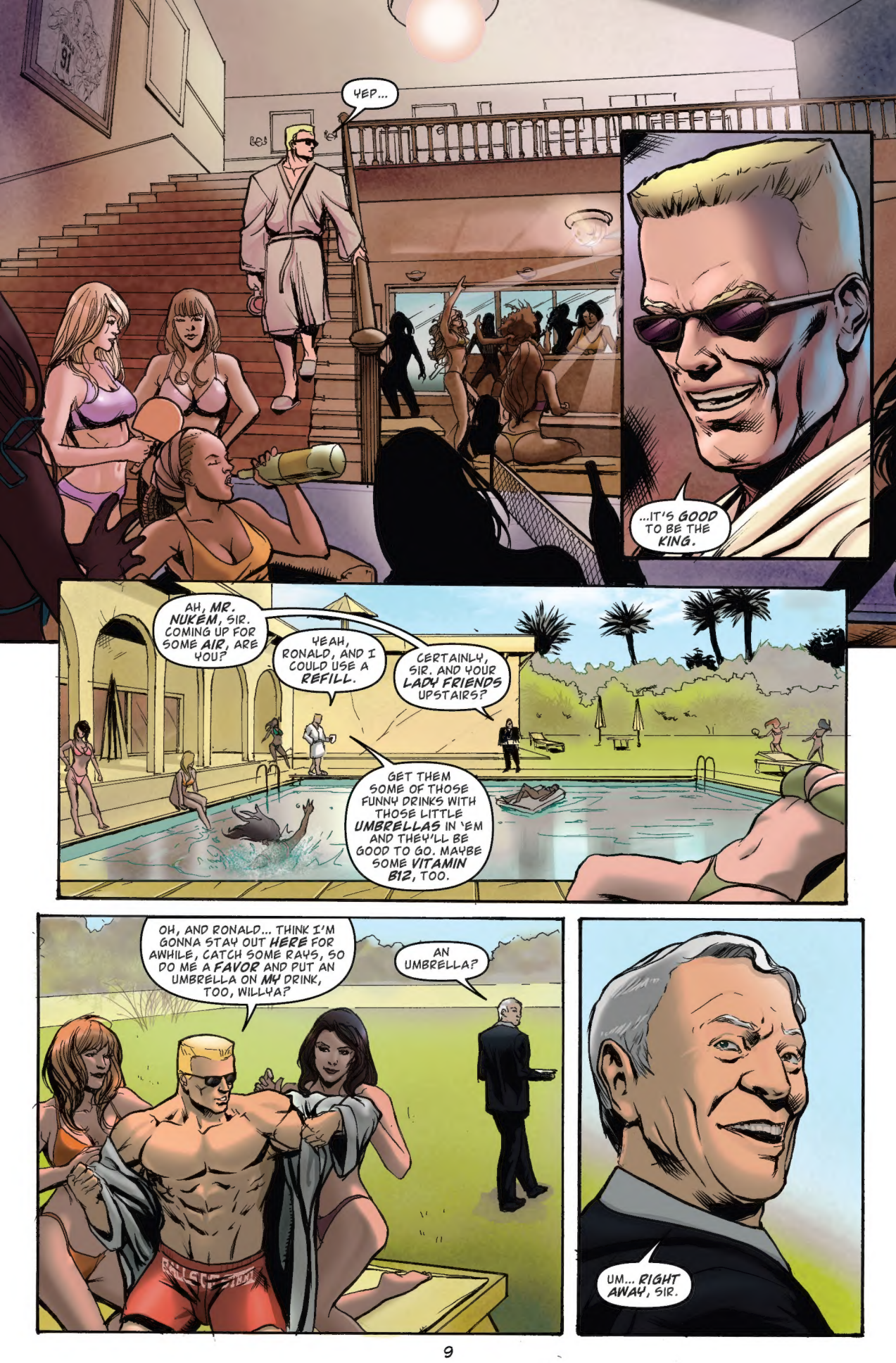
...WE HAVE CHOSEN TO UTILIZE OTHER MEANS MOVING FORWARD.
SPARE THE SCIENTISTS.
KILL THE REST.

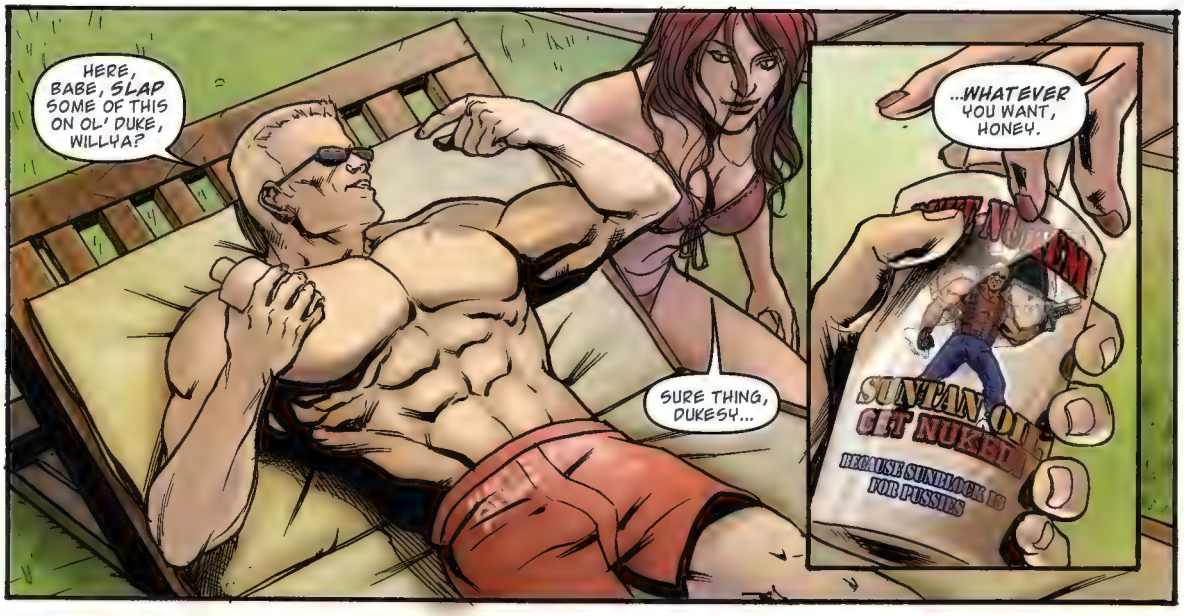
"ZIS IS NOT GOOD..."
...ZIS IS NOT GOOD AT ALL.
SEE FOR YOURSELF.
WHAT THE HELL'S ALL THAT LIGHT DOWN THERE, ELISE?
ELISE PLEWMANN
French Resistance guerilla fighter. Codename: The French Tickler. One smokin' hot babe with a gun, no matter how you slice it.
I DO NOT BELIEVE I HAVE ZE WORDS TO TELL YOU, MON AMI.
MAJOR-GENERAL CONNER SEAN
British First Airborne. Seasoned soldier. Adores tea and weaves his own parachute silk.
THE FRENCH BIRD'S RIGHT, CORPORAL. OUR NAZI FRIENDS HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY A FAR GREATER CONCERN, IT WOULD SEEM.
CORPORAL FLIP HENRY
American Buffalo Soldier. Infantry grunt. Straight outta Compton.
"A FAR GREATER CONCERN?"
DAMMIT, GIMME THOSE, GENERAL.
HO-LEE SHIIIIT.

NON, MON AMI, I DO NOT ZINK ZERE IS ANYZING HOLY ABOUT ZAT.
NO SHIT, FRENCHY.
SO WHAT THE HELL WE GONNA DO NOW?
WE STAND FIRM, MATE. OUR MISSION IS TO DESTROY THESE INFERNAL NAZI SAUCER CRAFT—
—THAT HAS NOT CHANGED.
NOT CHANGED?!
LOOK, GENERAL, THEM FOO FIGHTER DOOHICKEYS DOWN THERE MIGHT BE THE SAME, BUT THE FOLKS WHO GONNA BE RUNNIN' 'EM ARE SURE AS HELL DIFFERENT NOW, CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED.
NOW, LISTEN HERE, YANK, I WON'T—
NO, GENERAL, OUR AMERICAN FRIEND IS CORRECT. ZIS IS A, HOW YOU SAY... MUCH MORE DANGEROUS SITUATION WE FACE NOW.
ZE RISKS WERE GREAT BEFORE, WITH ONLY WE FEW AGAINST SO MANY NAZIS. BUT NOW I FEAR...
"...WE MAY NEED A MIRACLE TO BRING ZIS INSANITY TO A STOP."


STOP!
PLEASE, HONEY... YOU GOTTA STOP. TEN HOURS IN A ROW?! THAT'S GOTTA BE SOME KINDA RECORD.
NOPE.
WELL, IT IS FOR ME, THAT'S FOR SURE.
I'M SO PARCHED, SWEETIE. WILL YOU GET ME ANOTHER MIMOSA, PRETTY PLEASE?
NO PROBLEM, BABE. I'M FEELIN' A LITTLE THIRSTY MYSELF.
AND DON'T FEEL BAD...

CASA NUKEM. PRESENT DAY.
...YOUR FRIENDS CRAPPED OUT ABOUT THREE HOURS AGO.
DUKE NUKEM
Need we say more?
HAIL TO THE KING
BALLS OF STEEL
HAIL TO


YEP...
...IT'S GOOD TO BE THE KING.
AH, MR. NUKEM, SIR. COMING UP FOR SOME AIR, ARE YOU?
YEAH, RONALD, AND I COULD USE A REFILL.
CERTAINLY, SIR. AND YOUR LADY FRIENDS UPSTAIRS?
GET THEM SOME OF THOSE FUNNY DRINKS WITH THOSE LITTLE UMBRELLAS IN 'EM AND THEY'LL BE GOOD TO GO. MAYBE SOME VITAMIN B12, TOO.
OH, AND RONALD... THINK I'M GONNA STAY OUT HERE FOR AWHILE, CATCH SOME RAYS, SO DO ME A FAVOR AND PUT AN UMBRELLA ON MY DRINK, TOO, WILLYA?
AN UMBRELLA?
UM... RIGHT AWAY, SIR.


HERE, BABE, SLAP SOME OF THIS ON OL' DUKE, WILLYA?
SURE THING, DUKESY...
...WHATEVER YOU WANT, HONEY.
SUNTAN OIL
GET NUKED
BECAUSE SUNBLOCK IS FOR PUSSIES

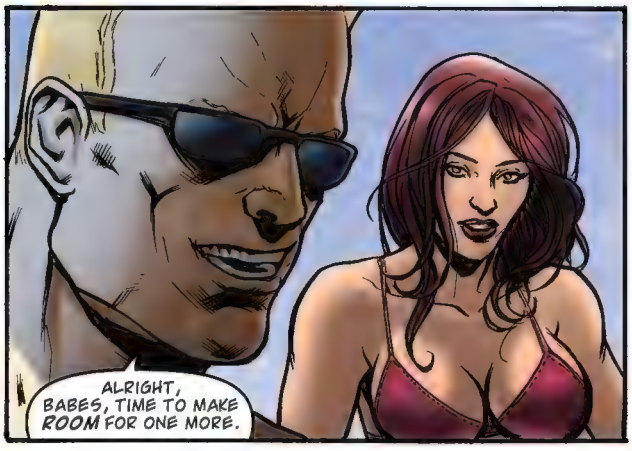
AW, YEAHHH... THAT'S THE TICKET.
I HAVE YOUR UMBRELLA BEVERAGE AS YOU REQUESTED, SIR...

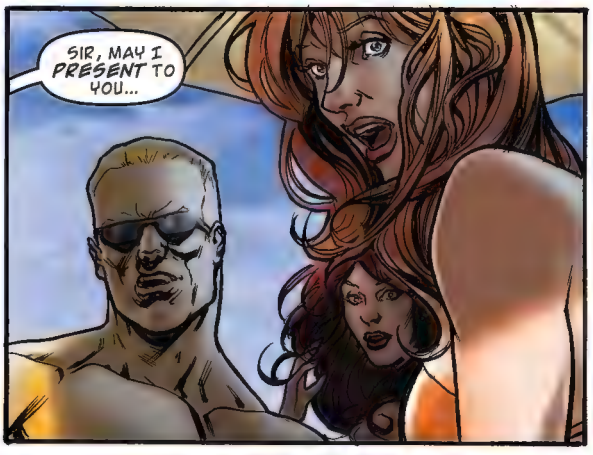
...WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE IT PLACED?
HERE'S GOOD, RONALD. THANKS.
OF COURSE, SIR.
BEER

I'LL BE... ERK... JUST A... UNF... MOMENT WITH THE... GUH... UMBRELLA.

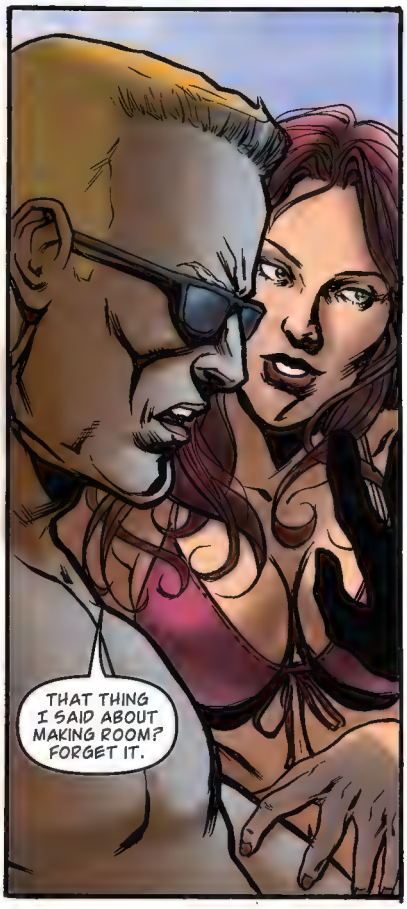
OH, AND, SIR, YOU HAVE A VISITOR WISHING TO SPEAK WITH YOU. A FRENCH WOMAN WHO CALLS HERSELF ELISE PLEWMANN. SHE CLAIMS TO BE HERE ON A MISSION OF UTMOST URGENCY.
URGENCY?
YES, SIR.

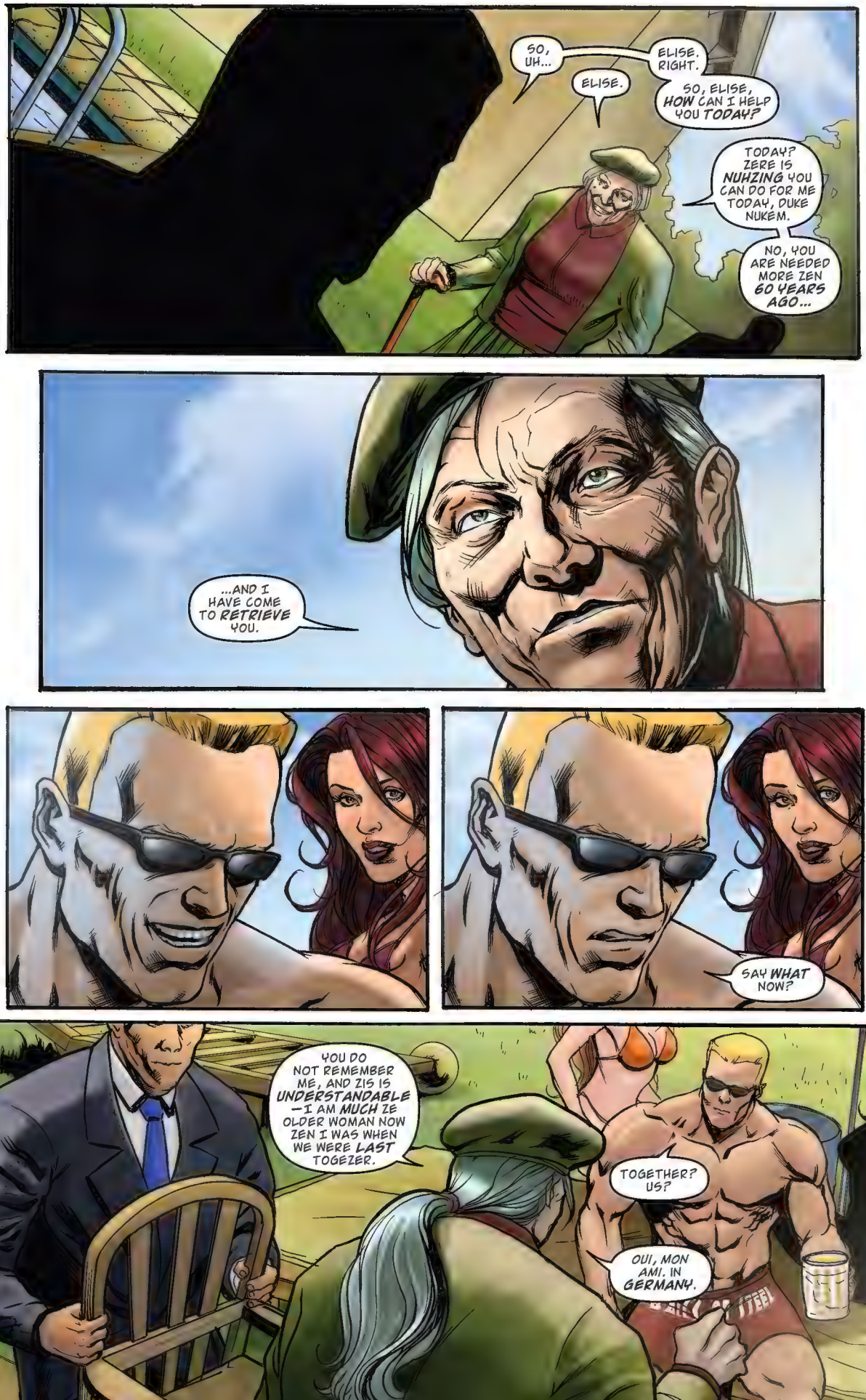
WELL, SEND HER IN. YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE TO LEAVE FRENCH CHICKS-IN-NEED WAITING. OR ANY CHICKS, FOR THAT MATTER.
YES, SIR. AND IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE, I THINK YOU'LL FIND THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT FOR WAITING.


ALRIGHT, BABES, TIME TO MAKE ROOM FOR ONE MORE.


SIR, MAY I PRESENT TO YOU...

...MADEMOISELLE ELISE PLEWMANN.
BONJOUR, DUKE. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME.

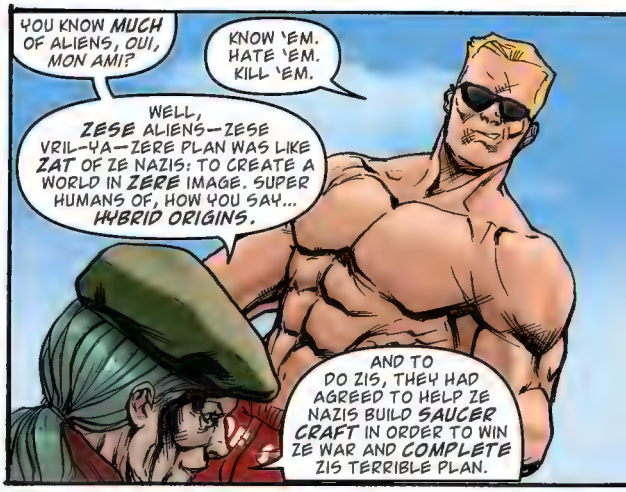

THAT THING I SAID ABOUT MAKING ROOM? FORGET IT.


SO, UH...
ELISE.
ELISE. RIGHT.
SO, ELISE, HOW CAN I HELP YOU TODAY?
TODAY? ZERE IS NUHZING YOU CAN DO FOR ME TODAY, DUKE NUKEM.
NO, YOU ARE NEEDED MORE ZEN 60 YEARS AGO...
...AND I HAVE COME TO RETRIEVE YOU.
SAY WHAT NOW?
YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME, AND ZIS IS UNDERSTANDABLE—I AM MUCH ZE OLDER WOMAN NOW ZEN I WAS WHEN WE WERE LAST TOGEZER.
TOGETHER? US?
OUI, MON AMI. IN GERMANY.

GERMANY, HUH?
YEAH, I GO THERE EVERY YEAR...
"...THEY THROW ONE HELLUVA BEER BASH IN OCTOBER."
OH, HERR DUKE, YOU VILL BE GIVING INGRID AND ME YOUR BIG BRATWURST TONIGHT, HMM?
BRATWURST? MORE LIKE BRATBEST, BABE.
YEAH, GOOD TIMES. BUT UNLESS I HAD A MAJOR CASE OF BEER GOGGLE-ITIS, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER MEETING YOU THERE.
NON, MON AMI, IT WAS NOT RECENTLY ZAT WE WERE TOGEZER. ZE YEAR WAS 1945 AND WE WERE SOLDIERS, FIGHTING AGAINST A TERRIBLE ENEMY—WORSE, EVEN, ZEN ZE NAZIS ZEY ONCE CALLED ALLIES.
I WILL EXPLAIN.
YEAH... THIS I GOTTA HEAR.

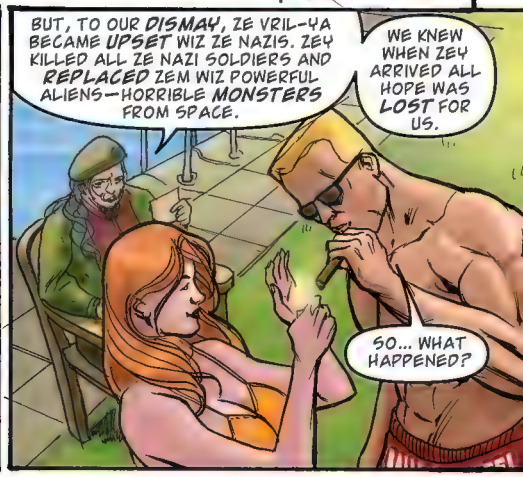
IT WAS TOWARD ZE END OF WORLD WAR TWO. ZE NAZIS WERE ON ZE VERGE OF DEFEAT AND ZEY WERE DESPERATE—SO DESPERATE, ZEY BEGAN TO EXPERIMENT IN AREAS OF TECHNOLOGY ZAT WERE, HOW YOU SAY... UNORZEODOX.

"ZEY HAD JOINED FORCES WIZ STRANGE CREATURES. VRIL-YA, ZEY WERE CALLED—ANCIENT BEINGS.
"ZEY WERE, HOW YOU SAY... SUPERIOR HUMANS OF ALIEN DESCENT, WHO MADE ZERE HOME IN ZE HOLLOW EARTH."

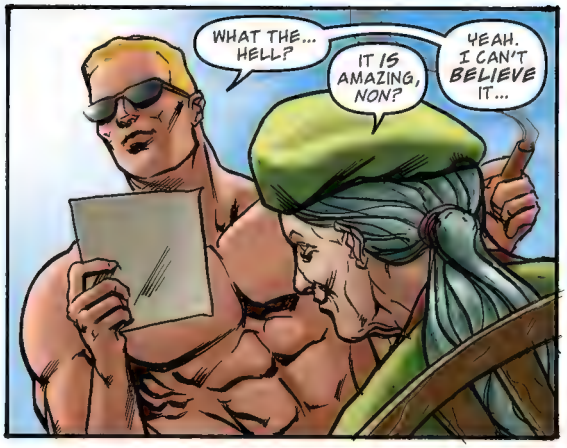

YOU KNOW MUCH OF ALIENS, OUI, MON AMI?
KNOW 'EM. HATE 'EM. KILL 'EM.
WELL, ZESE ALIENS—ZESE VRIL-YA—ZERE PLAN WAS LIKE ZAT OF ZE NAZIS: TO CREATE A WORLD IN ZERE IMAGE. SUPER HUMANS OF, HOW YOU SAY... HYBRID ORIGINS.
AND TO DO ZIS, THEY HAD AGREED TO HELP ZE NAZIS BUILD SAUCER CRAFT IN ORDER TO WIN ZE WAR AND COMPLETE ZIS TERRIBLE PLAN.

"ZEY WERE USING PRISONERS OF WAR AS SLAVES ON A REMOTE GERMAN ISLAND TO BUILD ZESE FLYING SAUCERS. I WAS IN ZE FRENCH RESISTANCE AT ZE TIME, AND I HAD BEEN CAPTURED AND TAKEN TO ZIS ISLAND.

"BUT I WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE, ALONG WIZ TWO UHZERS—AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND A BRITISH GENERAL. ONCE FREE, WE TOOK IT UPON OURSELVES TO CONDUCT, HOW YOU SAY... RECONNAISSANCE OF ZE SAUCER COMPOUND, WIZ HOPES OF ONE DAY DESTROYING IT."

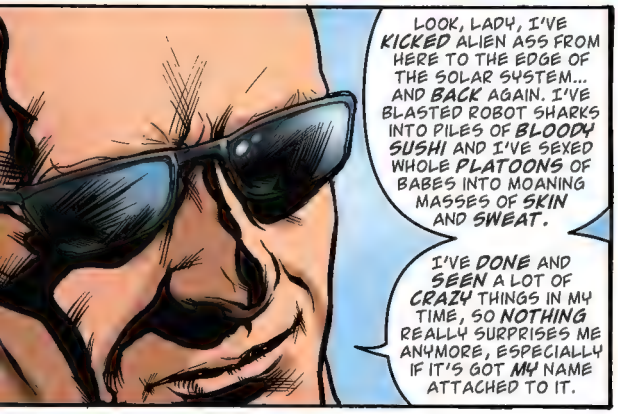

BUT, TO OUR DISMAY, ZE VRIL-YA BECAME UPSET WIZ ZE NAZIS. ZEY KILLED ALL ZE NAZI SOLDIERS AND REPLACED ZEM WIZ POWERFUL ALIENS—HORRIBLE MONSTERS FROM SPACE.
WE KNEW WHEN ZEY ARRIVED ALL HOPE WAS LOST FOR US.
SO... WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU HAPPENED, MON AMI.


WHAT THE... HELL?
IT IS AMAZING, NON?
YEAH. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...

...YOU USED TO BE FRIGGIN' HOT!

I... WELL, UM... OUI, I WAS ONCE MUCH YOUNGER AND PRETTIER. BUT...
...BUT DOES NOT YOUR PRESENCE IN ZE PHOTO CAUSE YOU SURPRISE?


LOOK, LADY, I'VE KICKED ALIEN ASS FROM HERE TO THE EDGE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM... AND BACK AGAIN. I'VE BLASTED ROBOT SHARKS INTO PILES OF BLOODY SUSHI AND I'VE SEXED WHOLE PLATOONS OF BABES INTO MOANING MASSES OF SKIN AND SWEAT.
I'VE DONE AND SEEN A LOT OF CRAZY THINGS IN MY TIME, SO NOTHING REALLY SURPRISES ME ANYMORE, ESPECIALLY IF IT'S GOT MY NAME ATTACHED TO IT.

ZEN, MON AMI, YOU WILL NOT BE SURPRISED BY MY NEXT QUESTION—
—WILL YOU RETURN NOW TO 1945, TO ME AND MY COMRADES, TO HELP US DEFEAT ZE VRIL-YA AND ZERE ALIEN MONSTERS?

AND HOW DO I DO THAT?
WHEN YOU APPEARED TO US IN ZE PAST, YOU BROUGHT WIZ YOU PLANS FOR A TIME MACHINE. SECRET ALIEN TECHNOLOGY ZAT YOU HAD ACCESS TO ZAT YOU PASSED TO ME. ALL ZESE YEARS I HAVE KEPT ZE PLANS, BUILDING ZE MACHINE FOR WHEN ZE TIME WAS RIGHT.
ZIS IS ZAT TIME, MON AMI, AND ZE MACHINE, SHE IS READY FOR YOU.
THAT ALL SOUNDS FINE AND DANDY, 'CEPT I HATE TO TELL YA—I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME MACHINE PLANS LAYIN' AROUND, SO HOW COULD I'VE PASSED 'EM TO YOU?
YOU DO NOW.
GROOVY.
ARE YOU SURPRISED NOW?
YEAH, MCFLY, I AM.
MCFLY?
NEVER MIND.

QUESTION—HOW THE HELL'D YOU AFFORD TO BUILD A GIZMO LIKE THIS?
WELL, YOU ONCE TOLD ME TO "ALWAYS BET ON DUKE," AND I DID OVER ZE YEARS, AND IT HAS MADE ME A VERY RICH LADY.
THAT PART DOESN'T SURPRISE ME AT ALL.
SO, YOU SAY THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN DANGER MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS AGO, AND THERE'S A BUNCH OF ALIENS THERE WAITIN' FOR ME TO INSERT MY BOOTS UP THEIR STINKIN' ASSES?
OUI. MANY ALIENS, MANY STINKING ASSES.
AND YOU PROMISE YOU'LL BE AS HOT AS YOU ARE IN THAT PICTURE YOU SHOWED ME?
MON AMI, I PROMISE I WILL BE EVEN, AS YOU SAY, HOTTER ZEN IN ZE PHOTO. MY, HOW YOU SAY... CODENAME WAS NOT ZE "FRENCH TICKLER" FOR NO GOOD REASON.
WELL, WHAT THE HELL ARE WE WAITIN' FOR THEN—CHRISTMAS? LET'S FIRE UP THAT TIME MACHINE. I'M READY TO SMASH SOME E.T. SKULL AND PARTAKE OF SOME FRENCH CUISINE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'.
DO YOU NOT WISH TO FIRST HEAR MORE ABOUT WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU GET ZERE? WHAT HAPPENS TO US? TO YOU?
NAH, NO WORRIES. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN—SAME THING AS ALWAYS...
...I WIN.

RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY. 1945.
YOU CANNOT WIN!
THE ALIEN CREATURES VILL FIND YOU AND DESTROY YOU. YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR THEIR POWERS.
BE SILENT AND KEEP MOVING, IDIOTE!
I KNEW GRABBIN' THAT DAMN DOCTOR WAS GONNA BE A MISTAKE. FOOL'S MAKIN' ENOUGH NOISE TO BRING ALL THEM UGLY ALIENS DOWN ON TOP OF US.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, IT WAS A TACTICAL RISK WORTH TAKING, CORPORAL.
HIS SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE MAY YET HELP US FIND A WAY TO DEFEAT THOSE CREATURES.
HELP YOU?! ARE YOU INSANE?
I VILL HELP NONE OF YOU AGAINST THE VRIL-YA AND THEIR NEW PETS. THEY VOULD KILL ME FOR SUCH TREACHERY.
Doctor Sigmund Fraud
Nazi Rocket Scientist.
Never left the Phallic Stage.

WELL, I'M GONNA KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, YOU DIRTY KRAUT.
SCHWARZE SCHWEIN! YOU VILL BE DEAD LONG BEFOR—
FWAK
MERCI, FLIP.
DON'T MENTION IT.
WELL, SHALL I MENTION, THEN, THAT YOU WILL NOW BE RESPONSIBLE FOR CARRYING OUR UNCONSCIOUS FRIEND, CORPORAL?
AS LONG AS THIS JACKASS IS QUIET, THAT'S FINE BY ME.
AND, GENERAL...
...THIS PILE OF NAZI GARBAGE AIN'T OUR GODDAMN FRIEND.

UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED, MATE.
NOW, LET'S MOVE OUT, SHALL WE?
YEAH, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD—
THE HUMANS!
SEIZE THEM!
SHEE-IT.

DROP YOUR WEAPONS, MATES. WE'RE SURROUNDED.
WHAT?! SURRENDER?
ZE GENERAL IS RIGHT, MON AMI. WE DIE NOW OR LIVE TO FIGHT ANOZER DAY. ZAT IS OUR CHOICE.
DAMMIT!
BIND THEM AND BRING THEM WITH US. MARIA WANTS THEM ALIV—
DAMN. THAT ACTUALLY WORKED.
KOOM
WHAT THE HELL NOW?!

AND YOU ARE A SERIOUS HOTTIE, NO LIE.
THIS HUMAN IS NEW! OUR ORDERS DO NOT APPLY TO HIM!
KILL HIM!
HOLD THAT THOUGHT, BABE...
...OL' DUKE'S GOT SOME PIGS HE NEEDS TO ROAST.

BLAM
BLAM BLAM
THIS LITTLE PIGGY ATE A BULLET.
RIIIP
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY GOT ITS HEAD TWISTED OFF.
WHO IS HE? AMERICAN?
AND WHERE DID HE BLOODY COME FROM?
WHO GIVES A SHIT? HE'S KILLIN' THEM DAMN PIGS, AIN'T HE?
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
SPLOOCH
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY GOT A GREAT, BIG, SUCKING CHEST WOUND.
GAH!
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY NEEDS TO GO TO THE MARKET TO GET SOME NEW NUTS.
BLAM

OOPS, LOOKS LIKE DUKE PLAYED A LITTLE TOO ROUGH WITH ALL THE LITTLE PIGGIES.
WHAT?
WHO... WHO ARE YOU? WHO SENT YOU?
ME?
THE NAME'S DUKE NUKEM...
...AND YOU SENT ME, BABE.

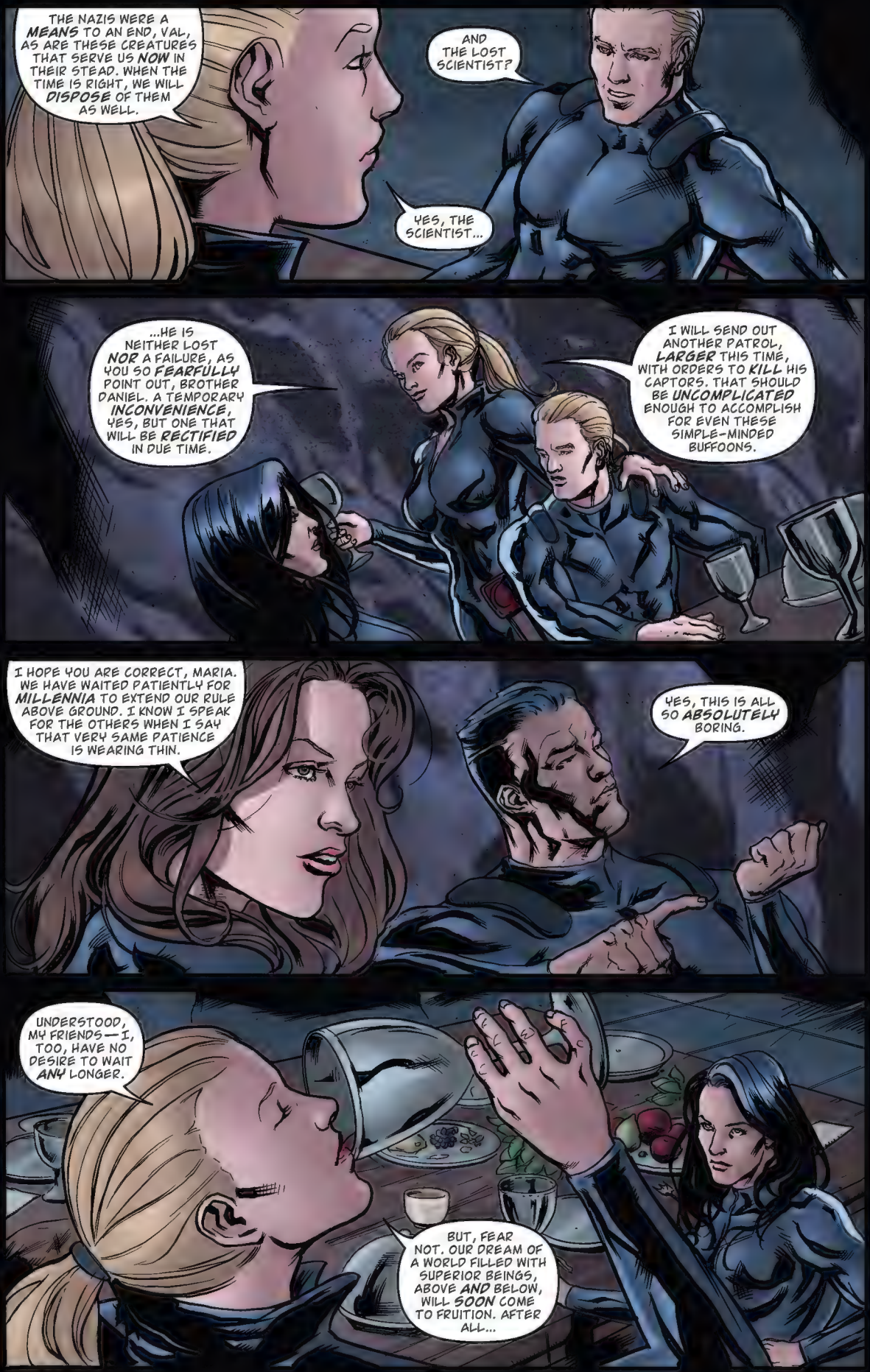
RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY. 1945.
WAIT A BLOODY MINUTE! YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU'VE TRAVELED BACK THROUGH TIME, SENT HERE BY AN ELDERLY VERSION OF OUR MISS PLEWMANN HERE, IN ORDER TO ALLY WITH US AGAINST THESE... THESE MONSTERS?
DO YOU REALIZE HOW PREPOSTEROUS THAT SOUNDS, MATE? AND YOU ACTUALLY WANT US TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU'RE CLAIMING?
WHAT I WANT IS TO KICK ASS AND CHEW BUBBLE GUM, AND I'M ALL OUTTA GUM.

WHAT DOES ZIS MEAN, KICK ASS WIZ BUBBLE GUM?
YOU GOT ME, FRENCHY.
DAMN, DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YEAR IT IS, THESE FUCKERS SMELL LIKE DAY-OLD SHIT.
LOOK, I AIN'T GONNA WASTE TIME ARGUING WITH YOU ABOUT HOW OR WHY I'M HERE. YOU GOT AN ALIEN PROBLEM AND NOW YOU GOT A SOLUTION, SO QUIT COMPLAININ'.
YOU LOOK, YANK! YOU DON'T JUST BLOODY SHOW UP AN—
PLEASE, GENERAL... ALLOW ME.

MONSIEUR NUKEM, PLEASE UNDERSTAND OUR CONFUSION. YOU APPEAR SUDDENLY, KILL ZE MONSTERS WISHING TO KILL US— FOR WHICH WE ARE ZANKFUL—ZEN SAY YOU ARE FROM ZE FUTURE... AND SENT HERE BY MOI?!
IT IS ALL VERY HARD TO BELIEVE ABOUT YOU, AS ZE GENERAL SAYS.
THAT AIN'T THE ONLY HARD THING ABOUT ME, BABE, TRUST ME.
I... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
DON'T WORRY, YOU WILL.
ZEN, WILL I ALSO UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS MOI WHO GAVE TO YOU ZE TIME TRAVEL PLANS? BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, I AM NOT, HOW YOU SAY... IN POSSESSION OF SUCH ZINGS.
YOU WILL BE. YOU GAVE 'EM TO ME BEFORE I CAME. GOT 'EM MEMORIZED SAFE AND SOUND IN MY BRAIN-HOUSING GROUP.
AND YOU BELIEVED ZAT IT WAS ALL TRUE?
HEY, I'M HERE, AIN'T I? AND YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GONNA BE SMOKIN' HOT, TOO, AND THAT DIDN'T TURN OUT TO BE BULLSHIT, SO I FIGURE THE PLANS ARE GOOD TO GO.
WELL, I AIN'T THE SMARTEST PERSON IN THE WORLD, BUT I GOTTA ASK, MAN—IF YOU FROM THE FUTURE, AND NOW YOU HERE, DON'T THAT SCREW UP REALITY, OR SOME SHIT LIKE THAT?

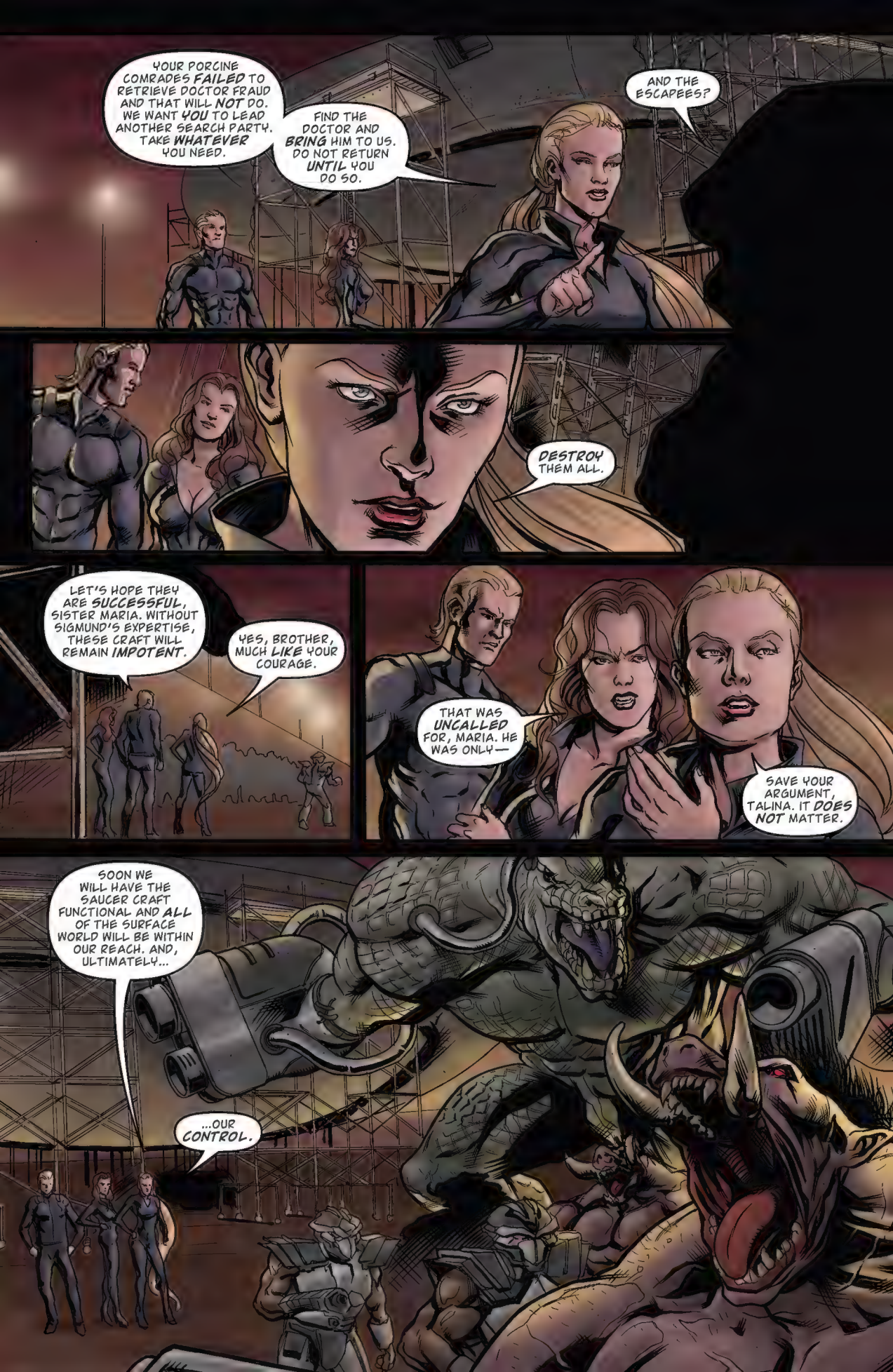
YOU GOT ALIENS YOU NEED DEAD NOW, RIGHT? THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. WE CAN SWEAT THE TIME MACHINE PLANS AND THE REST OF THE SCIENCE SHIT LATER.
LESS TALKIN', MORE KILLIN'.
SHEE-IT, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
OHHH...
...VHAT HAVE YOU IMBECILES DONE?
WHO'S THE DWEEB?
NAZI PIECE OF SHIT NAMED DR. SIGMUND SOMETHIN-OR-OTHER, THAT'S WHO. WE SNAGGED HIM OUTTA THE COMPOUND — THOUGHT HE COULD HELP US FIGURE OUT HOW TO FIGHT 'EM.
FIGHT THEM? HA! YOU MAY HAVE KILLED A FEW, BUT YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOU CAN DEFEAT THEM ALL?
MARIA VILL SURELY SEE YOU DEAD... OR VORSE.
WHO THE FUCK'S MARIA?

VRIL GESELLSCHAFT CAVE COMPOUND. GATEWAY TO HOLLOW EARTH.
MARIA, THE PATROL YOU SENT OUT HAS NOT YET RETURNED. I FEAR THEY MAY HAVE MET WITH FAILURE IN RETURNING THE SCIENTIST AND HIS CAPTORS TO US.
Daniel
Vrilerinnen. Second-in-command, first to complain.
FEAR IS FAILURE, DANIEL. YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT FAR TOO OFTEN.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, SISTER, OUR BROTHER DOES BRING UP AN IMPORTANT POINT. WITHOUT THE HUMAN SCIENTIST IN OUR POSSESSION, OUR EFFORTS ABOVE GROUND WILL BE SIGNIFICANTLY DELAYED.
Talma
Vrilerinnen. Sensible and spicy wrapped up in one hot package.
THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR BRINGING IN THOSE FILTHY SWINE BEASTS TO ASSIST US. DISGUSTING CREATURES, ALL OF THEM.
Ana
Vrilerinnen. Cosmic MILF and then some.
AS IF THOSE NAZI HEATHENS WERE ANY BETTER, DEAR ANA. HEIL THIS AND HEIL THAT—WITH ALL THAT INANE SHOUTING AND BARBARIC BOOT STOMPING, IT'S A WONDER THEY HAVEN'T BEEN DEFEATED SOONER.
Val
Vrilerinnen. Handsome, sopisticated devil—just ask him.


THE NAZIS WERE A MEANS TO AN END, VAL, AS ARE THESE CREATURES THAT SERVE US NOW IN THEIR STEAD. WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, WE WILL DISPOSE OF THEM AS WELL.
AND THE LOST SCIENTIST?
YES, THE SCIENTIST...
...HE IS NEITHER LOST NOR A FAILURE, AS YOU SO FEARFULLY POINT OUT, BROTHER DANIEL. A TEMPORARY INCONVENIENCE, YES, BUT ONE THAT WILL BE RECTIFIED IN DUE TIME.
I WILL SEND OUT ANOTHER PATROL, LARGER THIS TIME, WITH ORDERS TO KILL HIS CAPTORS. THAT SHOULD BE UNCOMPLICATED ENOUGH TO ACCOMPLISH FOR EVEN THESE SIMPLE-MINDED BUFFOONS.
I HOPE YOU ARE CORRECT, MARIA. WE HAVE WAITED PATIENTLY FOR MILLENNIA TO EXTEND OUR RULE ABOVE GROUND. I KNOW I SPEAK FOR THE OTHERS WHEN I SAY THAT VERY SAME PATIENCE IS WEARING THIN.
YES, THIS IS ALL SO ABSOLUTELY BORING.
UNDERSTOOD, MY FRIENDS — I, TOO, HAVE NO DESIRE TO WAIT ANY LONGER.
BUT, FEAR NOT. OUR DREAM OF A WORLD FILLED WITH SUPERIOR BEINGS, ABOVE AND BELOW, WILL SOON COME TO FRUITION. AFTER ALL...

"...WHO CAN STOP US?"
SO, JUST ANOTHER ALIEN THAT NEEDS AN ASS-KICKING? BIG DEAL.
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND — MARIA IS ZE LEADER OF ZEM ALL. INTELLIGENT AND DANGEROUS, AS ARE ALL ZE VRILERINNEN BEINGS.
VRILERINNEN? YOU KNOW, WHERE I COME FROM, THERE'S A SHOT FOR THAT. FIX YOU RIGHT UP.
CHINK
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
VHAT IS THERE TO UNDERSTAND? IT IS NOTHING BUT FALSE BRAVADO. HE IS AS FRIGHTENED OF THE HOLLOW EARTH BEINGS AS THE REST OF YOU FOOLS.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANY FRIGGIN' HOLLOW EARTHS, ASSHOLE...
...BUT I'LL GLADLY INTRODUCE YOU TO NINE, NASTY HOLLOW POINTS.
GUH...

WAIT, MONSIEUR NUKEM, HE MAY STILL BE OF USE TO US.
YES... YES... I KNOW THINGS.
AW, DAMN, FRENCHY, WHY'D YOU STOP 'IM?
SPIT IT OUT, NAZI NERD. WHAT KINDA THINGS?
A... A SECRET CACHE OF EQUIPMENT. W-WEAPONS AND VEHICLES. THE OBERGRUPPENFÜHRER HAD... HAD HIS TROOPS ESTABLISH ONE IN C-CASE... THINGS VENT BADLY WITH THE VRIL-YA.
WHERE?
UFF!
I... I DO NOT KNOW. I BELIEVE IT IS CLOSE, BUT WHERE IT IS EXACTLY, I...
...I DO NOT KNOW.
I DO...
...I'VE JUST FINISHED RECONNOITERING THE AREA. THE CACHE IS NEARBY.
GREAT.
PERHAPS NOT. IT IS ALSO WELL GUARDED.
EVEN BETTER.


YOUR PORCINE COMRADES FAILED TO RETRIEVE DOCTOR FRAUD AND THAT WILL NOT DO. WE WANT YOU TO LEAD ANOTHER SEARCH PARTY. TAKE WHATEVER YOU NEED.
FIND THE DOCTOR AND BRING HIM TO US. DO NOT RETURN UNTIL YOU DO SO.
AND THE ESCAPEES?
DESTROY THEM ALL.
LET'S HOPE THEY ARE SUCCESSFUL, SISTER MARIA. WITHOUT SIGMUND'S EXPERTISE, THESE CRAFT WILL REMAIN IMPOTENT.
YES, BROTHER, MUCH LIKE YOUR COURAGE.
THAT WAS UNCALLED FOR, MARIA. HE WAS ONLY—
SAVE YOUR ARGUMENT, TALINA. IT DOES NOT MATTER.
SOON WE WILL HAVE THE SAUCER CRAFT FUNCTIONAL AND ALL OF THE SURFACE WORLD WILL BE WITHIN OUR REACH. AND, ULTIMATELY...
...OUR CONTROL.

"OUI, ZERE ZEY ARE..."
...JUST AS YOU DESCRIBED, GENERAL.
A RIGHT ROWDY LOOKING LOT, TOO. WE NEED TO THINK CAREFULLY ABOUT HOW WE'RE GOING TO GO ABOUT THIS.
LET ME SEE.
YEP, THERE'S A LOT OF 'EM, ALRIGHT. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
MORE TO KILL.
ARE YOU BLOODY SERIOUS?!
SOMEONE ONCE SAID THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE.
WELL, I SAY THE BEST OFFENSE IS A SWIFT KICK IN THE COJONES.

TIME TO WASTE SOME STINKIN' NAZIS, BOYS AND GIRLS!
MAN...
LET'S DO THIS!
...I LOVE THAT GUY.

FEUER FREI!
NOT SURE WHAT THE HELL THAT MEANS...
...BUT DEAD'S THE SAME IN ANY LANGUAGE, PUNK!
GAAAH!
WÜRFEL!
BRIPP
GLLGK!
BETTER ZEN ZE BUBBLE GUM, OUI?
HEH.

WE COULD USE A BIT OF HELP OVER HERE, MATES!
YEAH! THERE'S A SHITLOAD OF THE FUCKERS!
FMMMM
OH... SHEE—
BANG
—IT!

FLIP! ARE YOU OKAY, MON AMI?!
UGH... YEAH... STILL IN ONE PIECE, AT LEAST.
AS AM I. BUT I DOUBT FOR LONG AGAINST THAT BLOODY TANK.
NOT TOO WORRY, GENERAL...
"...I ZINK OUR NEW FRIEND IS WORKING ON ZAT PROBLEM FOR US."
BWOOM
THAT'S ONE WAY TO CHOP WOOD...
...LET ME SHOW YOU ANOTHER!
KERAK

AW, YEAH, TIME FOR MY DRUM SOLO.
I'M A ROCKER!
KLANG
I'M A ROLLER!
I'M A RIGHT OUT-OF-CONTROLLER!

BA-DOOM
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL HEAVY METAL, BABY.

HAVE I SAID HOW MUCH I LOVE THAT GUY?
HE IS KILLING ZEM ALL.
WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION...
...WHY SHOULD HE HAVE ALL THE FUN?!
YOU HEARD ZE GENERAL!
HELL YEAH!
YOU KNOW THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THESE NAZIS AND THOSE DUMB-ASS ALIENS?
GAH!
THE NAZIS STINK WORSE.
WELCOME TO MY PARTY.

YOUR BATTLE SKILLS ARE QUITE IMPRESSIVE, MON AMI.
YOU SHOULD SEE MY MATTRESS SKILLS. WHICH REMINDS ME...
...WHY'S YOUR CODENAME THE "FRENCH TICKLER?"
WELL, IF WE ARE ABLE TO SURVIVE ZESE NAZIS, PERHAPS ZEN I WILL TELL YOU, HM?
SHOW, DON'T TELL, BABE — THAT'S WHAT OL' DUKE ALWAYS SAYS.
BE RIGHT BACK.
BLAM BLAM
SCHOOL'S IN SESSION.
I GOT A LITTLE HISTORY LESSON FOR YOU, PUNKS.
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
THE ONLY GOOD NAZI...
...IS A DEAD NAZI.

HOLY SHIT, WE WON.
YEAH. PIECE OF CAKE.

THE SCIENTIST DIDN'T LIE — THERE IS DEFINITELY EQUIPMENT HERE WE CAN USE AGAINST THOSE BLOODY VRIL AND THEIR ALIEN LOT.
FIRST THINGS FIRST...

...FRENCHY HERE'S GOT SOMETHIN' SHE PROMISED TO SHOW ME.
OUI, ZIS IS TRUE. AND I AM A WOMAN OF MY WORD.

WHAT THE...?
DAMN, BABE...
...THAT DOES TICKLE.

MMM...
THERE!
MMMF MMF MF...
THE HUMAN SCIENTIST!
CUT HIM LOOSE, PIG. HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING.
...MMMF MFF MFM!
SWIP
QUICKLY! YOU CAN CATCH THEM IF YOU MAKE CHASE NOW! YOU VILL HAVE SURPRISE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE!
OH, WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR THE OTHER HUMANS, ALRIGHT...

...A GREAT BIG SURPRISE.

BE PATIENT, MATES, I'VE NEARLY GOT THE TIMER SET...
...THESE THINGS CAN BE A BIT TRICKY, YOU KNOW.
IF I'M NOT CAREFUL, IT COULD VERY WELL GO OFF IN MY HANDS.
30S
RIGHT. I THINK THAT ABOUT DOES IT.
NOW, EVERYONE, STAND ABSOLUTELY STILL AND...
CLICK
...SMILE!

RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY. 1945.

AND THAT'S THAT— WE HAVE OUR PHOTOGRAPH, NOW I PROPOSE WE ESTABLISH OUR NEXT COURSE OF ACTION. ANY THOUGHTS?
YEAH, I THINK THIS BEER ME AND ELISE FOUND INSIDE THAT TENT IS PISS WARM AND TASTES LIKE SHIT.
AND MY NEXT COURSE OF ACTION IS GONNA BE TO DRINK THE MOTHERFUCKER, 'CAUSE THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN SHITTY BEER...
GLUGGLUG GLUGGLUG
BURRRRPPP!
...IS NO BEER AT ALL.
THE FUTURE, IT WOULD APPEAR, IS BLEAK INDEED.

AW, C'MON, GENERAL. DUKE'S JUST HAVIN' SOME FUN.
FUN? FUN?!
WE HAVE CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE QUITE LIKELY ON THEIR WAY HERE THIS VERY MOMENT TO TEAR OUR BLOODY HEADS FROM OUR BLOODY NECKS, AND YOU CLAIM THIS IS FUN, CORPORAL?
GENERAL, PLEASE, FLIP DID NOT MEA—
NAH, THIS AIN'T FUN...
...THE FUN STUFF DON'T START 'TILL WE HUNT DOWN THOSE COCKSUCKER ALIENS AND KICK THE LIVIN' SHIT OUTTA EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM.
SO, WE GONNA STAND AROUND JAW-JACKIN' ALL DAY LONG, OR WE GONNA LOAD THIS TRUCK UP WITH ENOUGH GODDAMN FIREPOWER TO GIVE THOSE SPACE PUSSIES GUNPOWDER DIARRHEA FOR THE REST OF THEIR STINKIN' LIVES?
I KNOW WHAT MY VOTE IS.

AH, I SEE OUR PRODIGAL SCIENTIST HAS RETURNED...
...I TRUST YOU HAVEN'T SUFFERED ANY INJURIES TOO SEVERE WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, DR. FRAUD?
OOF!
I AM VELL ENOUGH, MARIA, THOUGH DUE IN LITTLE PART TO THESE OAFISH CRETINS YOU SENT TO FIND ME.
POOR, DOCTOR SIGGY— CAN'T EVEN GET LOVE FROM A DIRTY OL' PIGGY.
OH, VAL, YOU'RE SO BAD.
YES, DEAR ANA, AREN'T I, THOUGH?

EXCELLENT WORK IN RETRIEVING THE SCIENTIST, TROOPER. AND THE OTHER HUMANS?
THEY ARE BEING TRACKED AS WE SPEAK. THEIR FLESH AND BONES WILL MAKE A FINE FEAST FOR MY BRETHREN BEFORE THE SUN RISES.
OH, HOW DELIGHTFULLY SCRUMPTIOUS THAT SOUNDS.
STOP IT, SILLY.
IMBECILES.
DR. FRAUD, YOU MAY GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP, BUT I SUGGEST YOU DO IT QUICKLY. WE HAVE WAITED PATIENTLY FOR YOUR RETURN AND WE'VE NO WISHES FOR FURTHER DELAYS.
NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE ONCE AGAIN...
"...YOU HAVE A JOB TO FINISH."

BLOODY HELL, NUKEM, I UNDERSTAND WE'VE A JOB TO DO, BUT WE'LL BE NO GOOD FOR THAT IF YOU DON'T GET US THERE BLEEDIN' ALIVE!
YO, WHINY CHURCHILL, NO ONE LIKES A BACKSEAT DRIVER!
ZIS IS ONE TIME I DEFINITELY AGREE WITH ZE GENERAL, DUKE—YOUR DRIVING SKILLS ARE, HOW YOU SAY... ATROCIOUS.
YOU WEREN'T COMPLAININ' MUCH ABOUT THE WAY I USED MY STICK SHIFT A LITTLE WHILE AGO IN THAT TENT, BABE.
GAH!
YES, WELL, ZAT PARTICULAR RIDE WAS MUCH SMOOZER, I MUST ADMIT.
AND, JUST THINK...
...OL' DUKE AIN'T EVEN GIVEN YOU ALL HIS GEARS YET.

YOU DAMN YANKS... SO FULL OF YOURSELVES, WHEN THE TRUTH IS YOU'RE ALL NOTHING BUT FULL OFF...
SHIT.
EXACTLY, CORPORAL— FULL OF SHIT.
NO, GENERAL...
...SHIT!

ATTACK!
RAAARGH!
SZZRACK
WELL, FUCK ME SIDEWAYS, IT'S A FRIGGIN' DRAGON WITH RAY GUN.

HEY, I'M A POET AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT—
—REMIND ME LATER TO SHOW YOU MY LONGFELLOW.
I WOULD PREFER, MON AMI, ZAT YOU SHOW ME A WAY OUT OF ZIS TRUCK!
ACTUALLY, BABE, YOU CAN'T GET OUT JUST YET...
...'CAUSE SOMEONE'S GOTTA DRIVE THIS THING.
WHAT DO YOU MEA—
—SACRE BLEU!

WHAT IN BLOODY HELL?!
MAKE SOME ROOM, BOYS...
...DUKE'S ABOUT TO WHIP OUT HIS BIG GUN.
I SUGGEST YOU FELLAS LET GO OF YOUR DICKS AND GRAB A HOLD OF THOSE PEASHOOTERS.
WE'VE GOT SOME SHIT-ASS TAILGATERS TO GET RID OF.

YEEHAW!

SH-ZAK
AGK!
DON'T BE MESSIN' WITH OUR FRENCHY, YOU GODDAMN FLYBOY!
RRGK!
KRRSH

THAT WAS A FINE SHOT, CORPORAL, BUT I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING TO NEED MANY MORE JUST LIKE IT IF WE'VE ANY HOPE OF STAVING OFF THIS ATTACK!
NOTHIN' TO BE AFRAID OF, GENERAL. IF YOU WANT MORE...
...OL' DUKE'LL GIVE YOU MORE.
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU SLIMY BASTARDS...
"...SMILE FOR THE BIRDY."

POW
POW
POW
KACHOOM

NOW THAT'S WHAT THE HELL I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT!
RRRAAARR!
SHZAK
KUUIISH
ZE TRUCK, I CAN'T HOLD HER!
WE ARE GOING TO—
CRASH

OH, MAN, TALK ABOUT HIT AND RUN.
AW, HELL...
...IF THIS AIN'T THE SHIT.
DAMN.
HOW'S THE GENERAL, MAN?
STILL ALIVE.
HEH. FIGURES THAT FANCY BRIT BASTARD WOULD BE... UNF... HARD TO KILL.
YOU, TOO, BUD. WE'RE GONNA GET YOU OUTTA HERE.
NAH, BROTHER, THIS WAS... GUH... MY LAST RIDE.
BEFORE I GO, THOUGH, I... I NEED YOU TO TELL ME SOMETHIN'.

YOU FROM THE FUTURE, RIGHT? SO, YOU'LL KNOW. MY... MY PEOPLE, MAN... DO WE EVER GET A FAIR SHAKE?
ALL THIS... FIGHTIN' AND DYIN' WE DOIN' FOR OUR COUNTRY... IS IT... ERK... IS IT WORTH IT?
YEAH, IT IS. THERE'S GONNA COME A KICK-ASS GUY SOMEDAY WHO'S GONNA FIGHT WITH WORDS, NOT GUNS, AND HE'S GONNA HELP TURN IT ALL AROUND FOR YOUR PEOPLE, I PROMISE.
ALL THE WAY TO THE FRIGGIN' WHITE HOUSE SOMEDAY, EVEN.
NO SHIT? WHAT... URF... WHAT'S THIS CAT'S NAME?
KING. HIS NAME'S KING.
THEN, HAIL TO THE KING, BABY...
DAMN STRAIGHT, SOLDIER.

WHAT THE—?!
SZZRACK
RAAARRGHH!
BLAM
BLAM
...TIME FOR ME AND YOU TO DANCE!
SZZRACK
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU OVERSTUFFED HOUSE GECKO...

BLAM
I DIDN'T!
PKSSH
YOU MISSED, ASSWIPE!
GACK!
WHOMP
WHOULF!
KUUSH

HEH. LUCKY SHOT, COCKZILLA.
HATE TO SAY IT, BUT THIS DANCE IS GETTIN' FRIGGIN' BORING!
SZZRACK
TIME TO CHANGE THE DAMN MUSIC.
AND I GUARANTEE, THIS NEXT TUNE'S GONNA BLOW YOU AWAY.
FWOOM
BA-DA-M

FOR FLIP, YOU SCALY-ASS MOTHERFUCKER.
GAH!
SH-ZAK
GATHER HIM UP FOR TRANSPORT AND DO NOT HARM HIM...
...THERE WILL BE AMPLE TIME FOR THAT LATER.

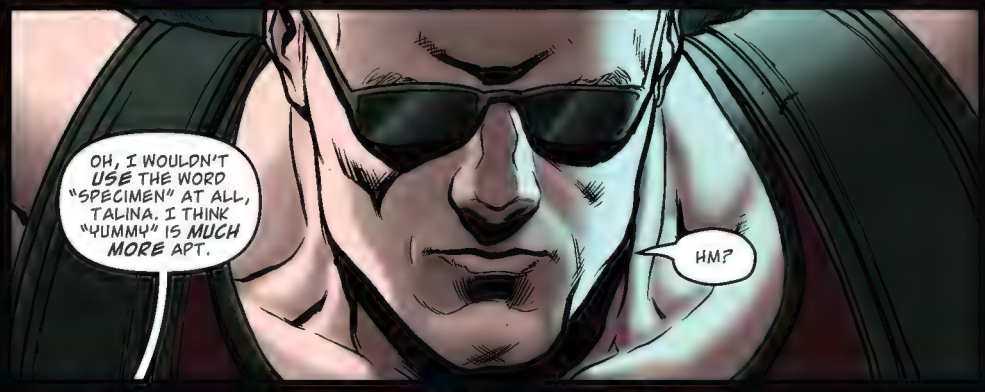
OHHH...
...MY.

RÜGEN ISLAND, GERMANY. 1945.

NO.
FLIP!
IS HE...?
YES. I'M AFRAID SO.
HE WAS A FINE SOLDIER.
OUI.
AND MONSIEUR NUKEM?
HE IS STILL ALIVE, I BELIEVE, THOUGH I DON'T ENVY HIS SITUATION.
THE ALIEN CREATURES WERE DRAGGING HIM ONTO ONE OF THEIR SAUCER CRAFT JUST AS I WAS REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS.

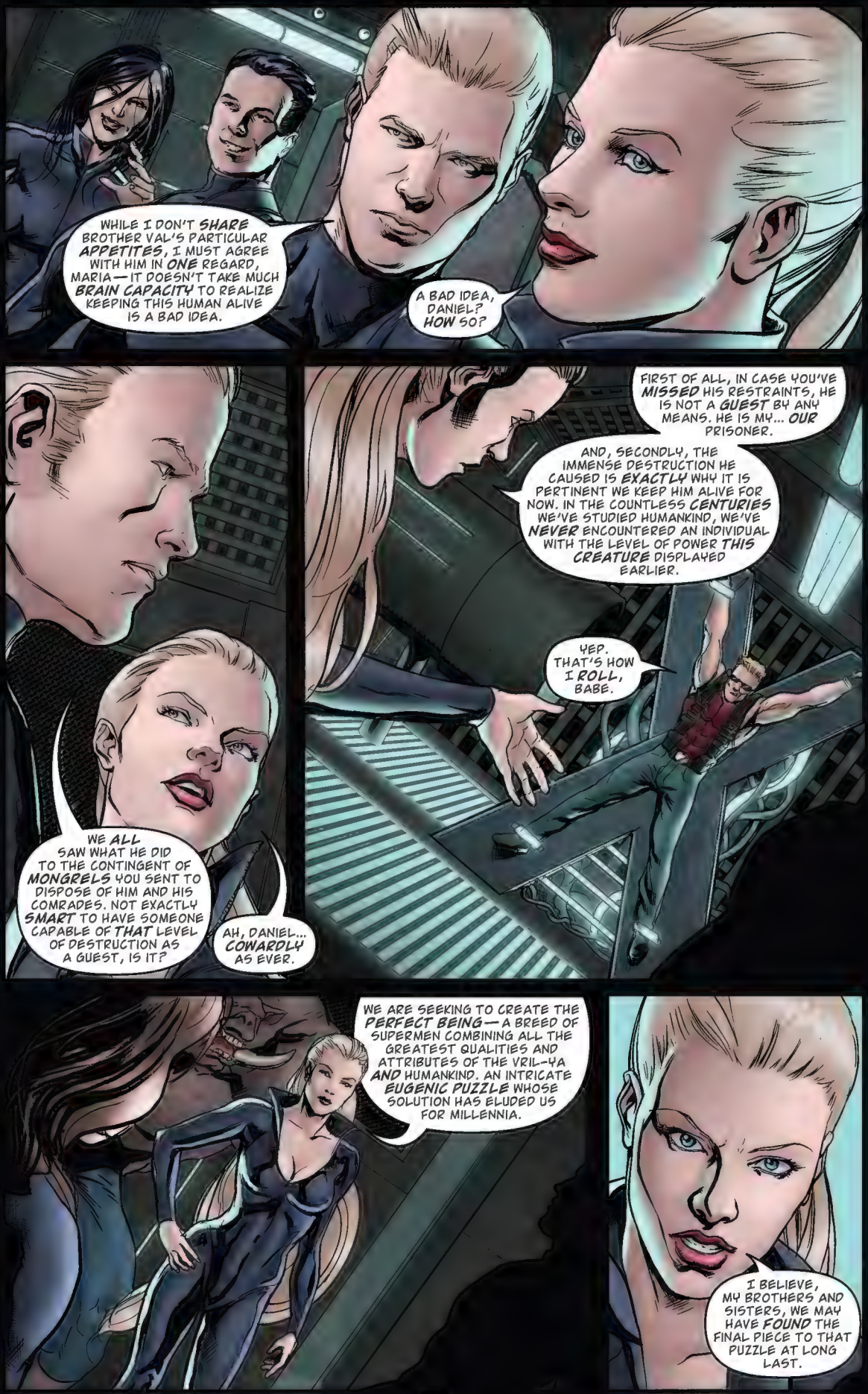
SAUCER CRAFT?!
YES. IT APPEARS THE VRIL-YA HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THEIR GOALS WHILE WE'VE BEEN OTHERWISE OCCUPIED.
WELL, ZEY MAY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED ZERE GOAL OF FLIGHT, MON AMI, BUT ZEY HAVE NOT YET COMPLETED ZERE PLAN TO RULE ZE WORLD...
...WHICH MEANS WE CAN STILL STOP ZEM.
RIGHT. THEY FLEW AWAY, HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF THEIR COMPOUND BEFORE I COULD FIRE ON THEM. I SUGGEST WE HEAD THAT WAY OURSELVES...
...AFTER WE FIRST BURY OUR MATE, HERE.
AGREED.
AND ZEN, GENERAL...

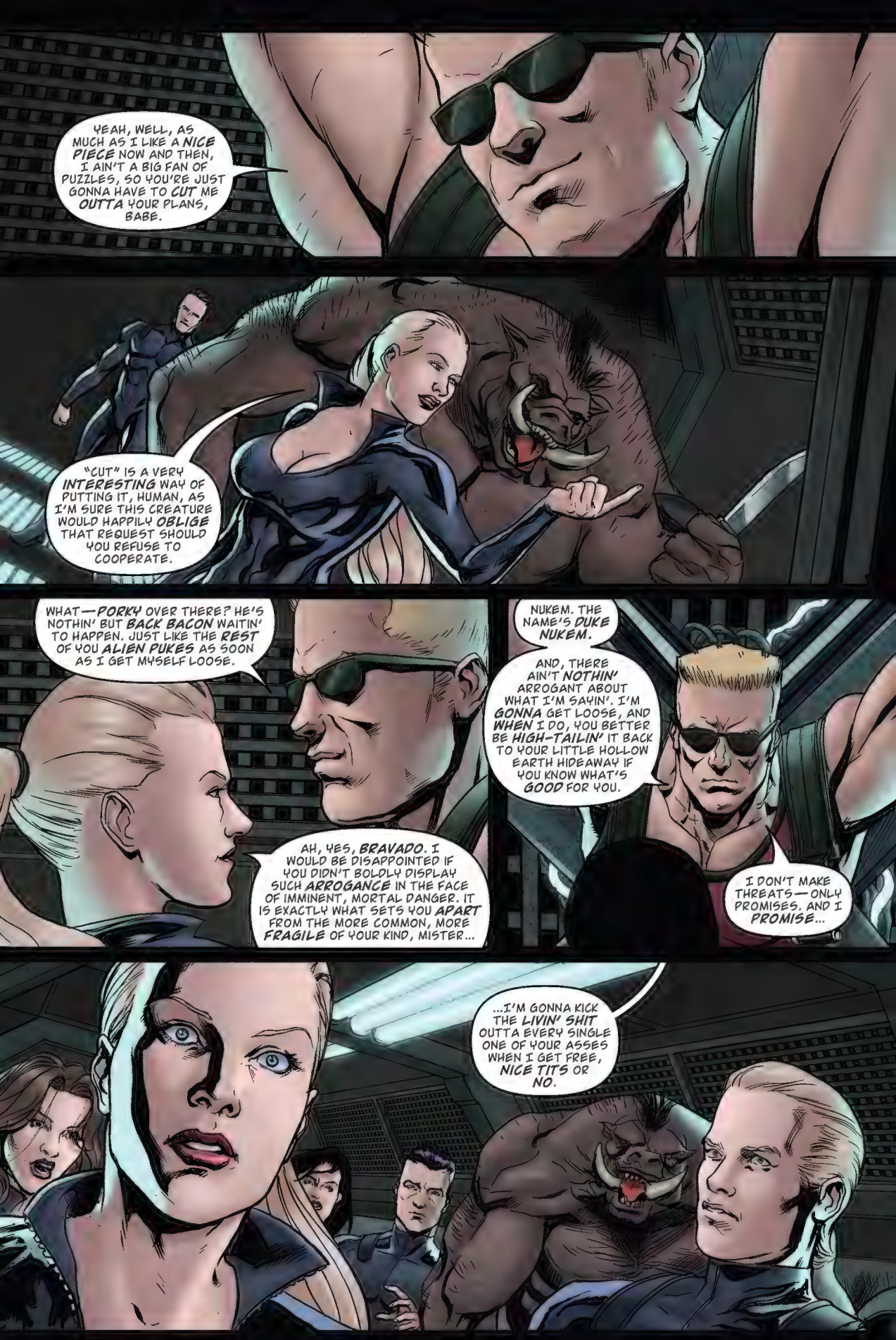
"...WE WILL FIND OUR FRIEND FROM ZE FUTURE."
HE IS AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, SISTER ANA?


OH, I WOULDN'T USE THE WORD "SPECIMEN" AT ALL, TALINA. I THINK "YUMMY" IS MUCH MORE APT.
HM?

YES, DEAR ANA, IT'S NOT SURPRISING YOU WOULD THINK THAT — YOUR BRAIN ACTIVITY SEEMS TO BE FOREVER LOCATED BELOW YOUR WAIST, AFTER ALL.
BRAINS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, SISTER MARIA...

...NOTHING WHATSOEVER.
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW—I'M IN HEAVEN.
ANA'S RIGHT, MARIA...
...BRAINS ARE OVERRATED. YUMMY, INDEED.
NEVER MIND.


WHILE I DON'T SHARE BROTHER VAL'S PARTICULAR APPETITES, I MUST AGREE WITH HIM IN ONE REGARD, MARIA—IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH BRAIN CAPACITY TO REALIZE KEEPING THIS HUMAN ALIVE IS A BAD IDEA.
A BAD IDEA, DANIEL? HOW SO?
WE ALL SAW WHAT HE DID TO THE CONTINGENT OF MONGRELS YOU SENT TO DISPOSE OF HIM AND HIS COMRADES. NOT EXACTLY SMART TO HAVE SOMEONE CAPABLE OF THAT LEVEL OF DESTRUCTION AS A GUEST, IS IT?
AH, DANIEL... COWARDLY AS EVER.
FIRST OF ALL, IN CASE YOU'VE MISSED HIS RESTRAINTS, HE IS NOT A GUEST BY ANY MEANS. HE IS MY... OUR PRISONER.
AND, SECONDLY, THE IMMENSE DESTRUCTION HE CAUSED IS EXACTLY WHY IT IS PERTINENT WE KEEP HIM ALIVE FOR NOW. IN THE COUNTLESS CENTURIES WE'VE STUDIED HUMANKIND, WE'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED AN INDIVIDUAL WITH THE LEVEL OF POWER THIS CREATURE DISPLAYED EARLIER.
YEP. THAT'S HOW I ROLL, BABE.
WE ARE SEEKING TO CREATE THE PERFECT BEING—A BREED OF SUPERMEN COMBINING ALL THE GREATEST QUALITIES AND ATTRIBUTES OF THE VRIL-YA AND HUMANKIND. AN INTRICATE EUGENIC PUZZLE WHOSE SOLUTION HAS ELUDED US FOR MILLENNIA.
I BELIEVE, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WE MAY HAVE FOUND THE FINAL PIECE TO THAT PUZZLE AT LONG LAST.


YEAH, WELL, AS MUCH AS I LIKE A NICE PIECE NOW AND THEN, I AIN'T A BIG FAN OF PUZZLES, SO YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO CUT ME OUTTA YOUR PLANS, BABE.
"CUT" IS A VERY INTERESTING WAY OF PUTTING IT, HUMAN, AS I'M SURE THIS CREATURE WOULD HAPPILY OBLIGE THAT REQUEST SHOULD YOU REFUSE TO COOPERATE.
WHAT—PORKY OVER THERE? HE'S NOTHIN' BUT BACK BACON WAITIN' TO HAPPEN. JUST LIKE THE REST OF YOU ALIEN PUKES AS SOON AS I GET MYSELF LOOSE.
AH, YES, BRAVADO. I WOULD BE DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DIDN'T BOLDLY DISPLAY SUCH ARROGANCE IN THE FACE OF IMMINENT, MORTAL DANGER. IT IS EXACTLY WHAT SETS YOU APART FROM THE MORE COMMON, MORE FRAGILE OF YOUR KIND, MISTER...
NUKEM. THE NAME'S DUKE NUKEM.
AND, THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' ARROGANT ABOUT WHAT I'M SAYIN'. I'M GONNA GET LOOSE, AND WHEN I DO, YOU BETTER BE HIGH-TAILIN' IT BACK TO YOUR LITTLE HOLLOW EARTH HIDEAWAY IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.
I DON'T MAKE THREATS—ONLY PROMISES. AND I PROMISE...
...I'M GONNA KICK THE LIVIN' SHIT OUTTA EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOUR ASSES WHEN I GET FREE, NICE TITS OR NO.

COCKPIT TO MARIA. WE ARE APPROACHING THE COMPOUND.
AWAITING YOUR ORDERS.
PREPARE FOR LANDING, PILOT. AND ALERT DR. FRAUD THAT HIS PRESENCE IS REQUIRED WHEN WE ARRIVE.
WE WILL SOON FIND OUT IF I AM RIGHT ABOUT YOU, DUKE NUKEM, OR IF YOU ARE SIMPLY ANOTHER WEAK AND WORTHLESS HUMAN IN A LONG LINE OF THE SAME.
IF SO, YOU WILL BE TOSSED AWAY WITH LESS CEREMONY THAN YESTERDAY'S RUBBISH — THAT I PROMISE.
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, WE WILL HAVE THE ANSWERS WE SEEK SHORTLY.
COME, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
HEH. YOU SEE THAT, PORK CHOP?
THAT CHICK DIGS ME.

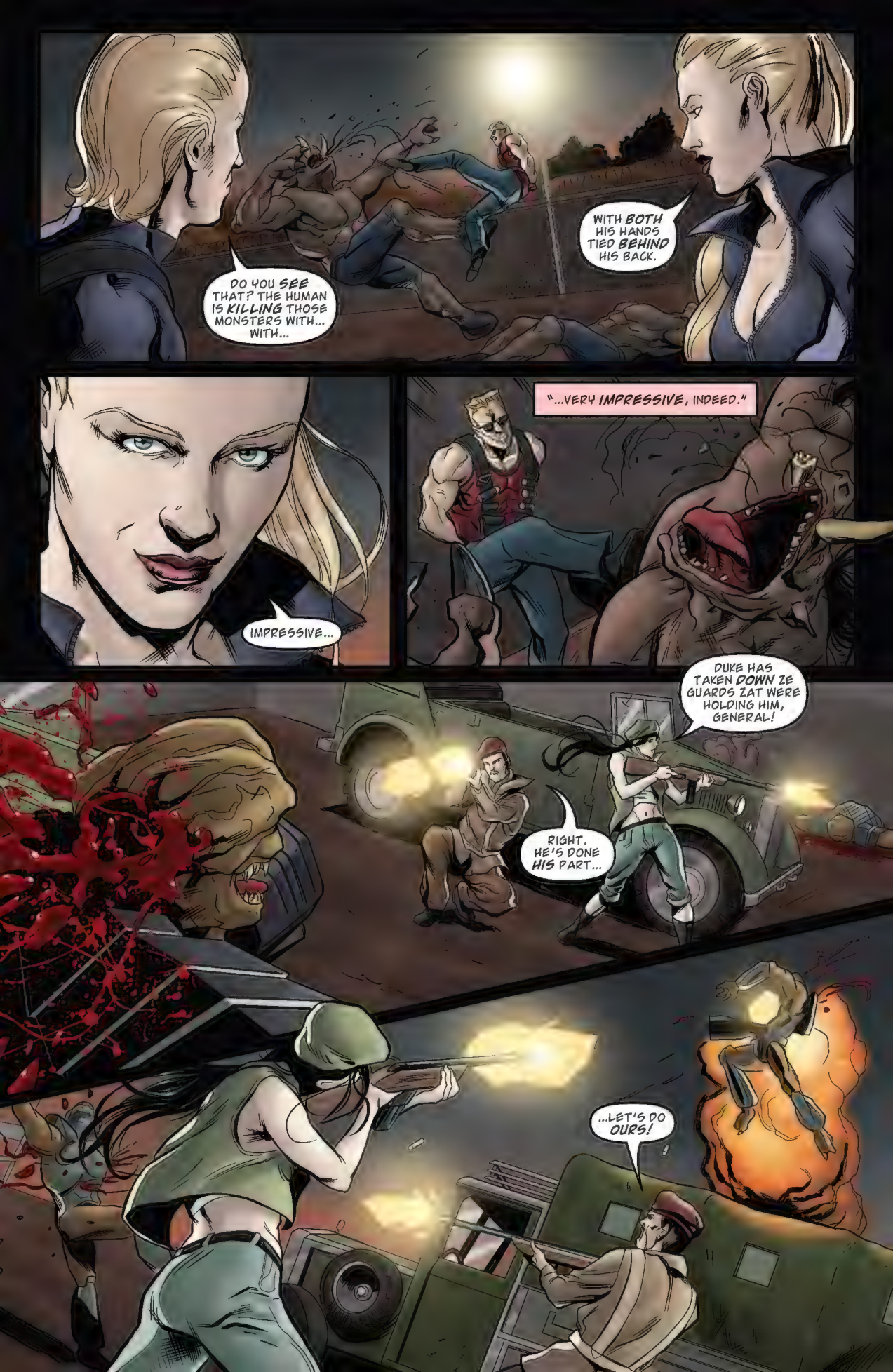
THEY ARE PREPARING TO LAND, ELISE. WE CAN QUIT RUNNING NOW.
HERE, I'D SAY WE'VE EARNED THIS.
MERCI, GENERAL.
NOW, TO SEE WHAT OUR VRIL-YA FRIENDS ARE UP TO.
"AH, THERE THEY ARE, AS IS THAT BLASTED NAZI SCIENTIST WE LET ESCAPE."
AND DUKE?
"HE'S THERE AS WELL, THOUGH BOUND AND TIGHTLY GUARDED IT APPEARS."

I'D NORMALLY RECOMMEND A WELL-THOUGHT-OUT PLAN BEFORE LEAPING INTO THE FRAY AGAINST SUCH ODDS, BUT NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S GONE SO BOLLOCKS, WE NO LONGER HAVE THE LUXURY FOR SUCH MEASURES.
I THINK A MORE DIRECT AND IMMEDIATE APPROACH IS IN ORDER, DON'T YOU?
OUI, MON AMI. IT IS TIME TO TAKE ZE FIGHT TO ZE VRIL-YA.
AND, ONE ZING IS FOR CERTAIN—
—I AM ALL OUT OF ZE BUBBLE GUM.

SO, SCHWEINEHUND, I SEE THAT YOUR INCESSANT BOASTING HAS ONLY BROUGHT YOU TO THE EDGE OF RUIN, JUST AS I KNEW IT VOULD.
NAH, IT'S ONLY BROUGHT ME IN FRONT OF YOUR BUTT UGLY FACE AGAIN, SHITMUND.
MAKE YOUR JOKES NOW, IMBECILE. THESE VRIL-YA BELIEVE YOU MAY BE SOME KIND OF LOST LINK TO PERFECTION, BUT I ASSURE YOU, I VILL CONVINCE THEM THEY ARE WRONG.
YOUR LIFE IS IN MY HANDS, HERR NUKEM — THE VERY SAME HANDS THAT VILL SEAL YOUR FATE AND SEE YOU DEAD. VHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO THAT, HM?
JUST ONE THING...
BLAM
...HEADS UP, ASSHOLE.

FANTASTIC SHOOTING, GENERAL!
THANK YOU, ELISE. I ONLY WISH CORPORAL HENRY HAD BEEN HERE TO SEE IT.
HE IS WIZ US, MON AMI. OF ZAT, I HAVE NO DOUBT.
NOW... SHALL WE?
ATTACK!
WE ARE UNDER ASSAULT! RETURN FIRE!
KILL THEM!
NO RETREAT!

THAT'S MY CUE.
IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, PIGGIES.
ONE OF YOU GETS SOME HEAD!
KE-RACK
AND THE OTHER...
SWOOSH
FWIP
...GETS SOME LEG!


DO YOU SEE THAT? THE HUMAN IS KILLING THOSE MONSTERS WITH... WITH...
WITH BOTH HIS HANDS TIED BEHIND HIS BACK.
IMPRESSIVE...
"...VERY IMPRESSIVE, INDEED."
DUKE HAS TAKEN DOWN ZE GUARDS ZAT WERE HOLDING HIM, GENERAL!
RIGHT. HE'S DONE HIS PART...
...LET'S DO OURS!

KRNCH
YOU PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT IN, YOU PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT OUT. YOU DO THE HOKEY POKEY AND...
...YOU TURN YOURSELF AROUND.
AND THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.
HEH.
OH... SHIT.
DEFINITELY NOT GOOD.
SOUNDS LIKE AN EXCELLENT PLAN TO ME, TALINA.
MIGHT I SUGGEST, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THAT WE UTILIZE OUR NEWLY FUNCTIONAL SAUCER AND MAKE A HASTY DEPARTURE?
MARIA?
NO. I AM STAYING...

...I HAVE FOUND WHAT I HAVE BEEN SEEKING.
VERY WELL, SISTER, STAY WITH THIS CRETIN IF THAT IS YOUR CHOICE. WE ARE LEAVING.
DON'T FORGET TO WRITE, SWEET CHEEKS.
ZAT IS ZE LAST OF THE ZEM!
NOT QUITE, MATE. LOOK...
"...THE BLOODY VRIL-YA ARE ESCAPING!"
THAT I WILL NOT ALLOW!
WHATEVER HAPPENS, MISS PLEWMANN, PLEASE KNOW IT HAS BEEN AN HONOR TO SERVE ALONGSIDE YOU AND CORPORAL HENRY.
OUI, MON AMI. IT HAS BEEN ZE SAME FOR ME.
AND PLEASE GIVE MY THANKS TO THAT MAD BASTARD NUKEM.
I WILL.
GODSPEED.

TROOPERS, BRING US TO BERLIN! WE WILL FINISH THIS WAR OUR WAY, MARIA AND THE NAZIS BE DAMNED!
AS YOU WISH.
UH, TALINA, I THINK WE HAVE A MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERN.
LOOK!
DANIEL, WE HAVE NO TIME FOR YOUR PETTY FEA—
—OH.
FUCK.
RULE BRITANNIA!
BA-WOOM

LOOKS LIKE YOUR LITTLE SPACE BOAT'S SPRUNG A LEAK, MARIA. BUMMER.
IT DOES NOT MATTER. THEY WERE IMBECILES, ALL OF THEM, UNABLE TO SEE THE PERFECTION WE HAVE SOUGHT FOR SO LONG...
...EVEN WHEN IT WAS STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.
TELL ME SOMETHIN' I DON'T ALREADY KNOW, BABE.
HOW ABOUT THIS...
...YOU BELONG TO ME NOW. NOW, AND FOR ALL ETERN— GRGK!
I DO NOT ZINK SO, BITCH.
MEE-YOW.

LET ME FREE YOU, MON AMI.
WHAT? YOU GOT SOMETHIN' AGAINST HANDCUFFS, BABE?
CHINK
I'M AFRAID WE ARE ALL ZAT IS LEFT, MON AMI.
YEAH. BUT THE OTHERS DIED STRONG AND DIED HARD... KICKIN' ALIEN ASS TO THE END.
SPEAKIN' OF STRONG AND HARD, OL' DUKE'S GOT SOMETHIN' HE WANTS TO SHOW YOU.
OUI?
YEAH. AND THEN WHEN I'M DONE WITH THAT, WE CAN TALK TIME MACHINES. I GOT SOME PLANS I NEED TO GIVE YOU, AND SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THAT INSIDE THAT CAVE IS THE STUFF WE NEED TO GET ME—
—I'VE BEEN DYIN' TO SAY THIS, MCFLY—
—BACK TO THE FUTURE.
BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST. IT'S TICKLE TIME FOR ME AND YOU RIGHT NOW...

"...AND THEN I GOTTA MAKE A QUICK STOP ON THE WAY HOME."
BERLIN, GERMANY. 1945.
THEY THINK THEY HAVE ME, DO THEY?!

THE SOVIETS? THE AMERICANS? DO THEY REALLY BELIEVE THEY HAVE DEFEATED ME?
BAH!

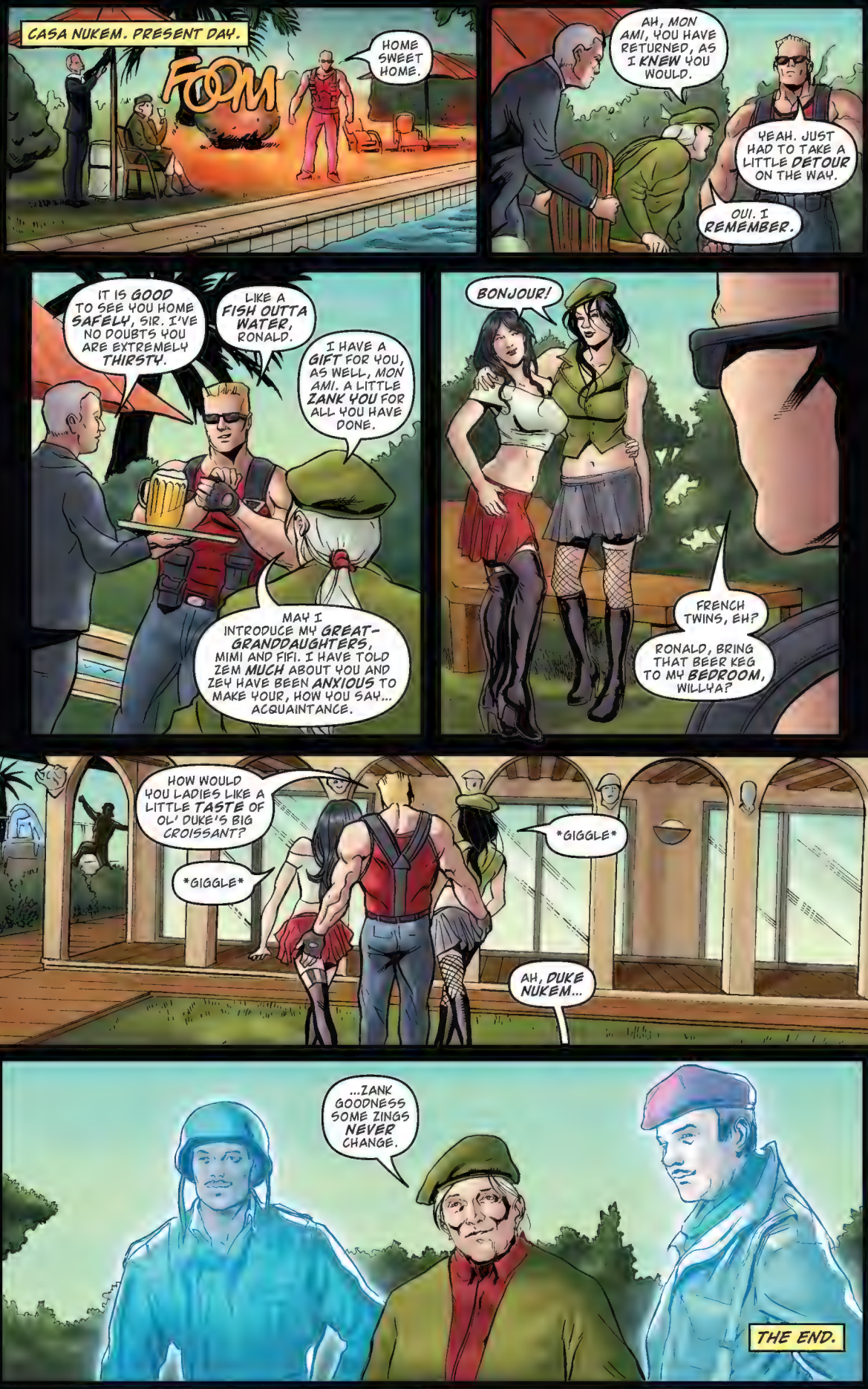
I CANNOT BE BEATEN! I FEAR NOBODY! I WILL NEVER QUIT! I WILL NEVER SURREN—
FOOM

WER?
YO, SHITLER.

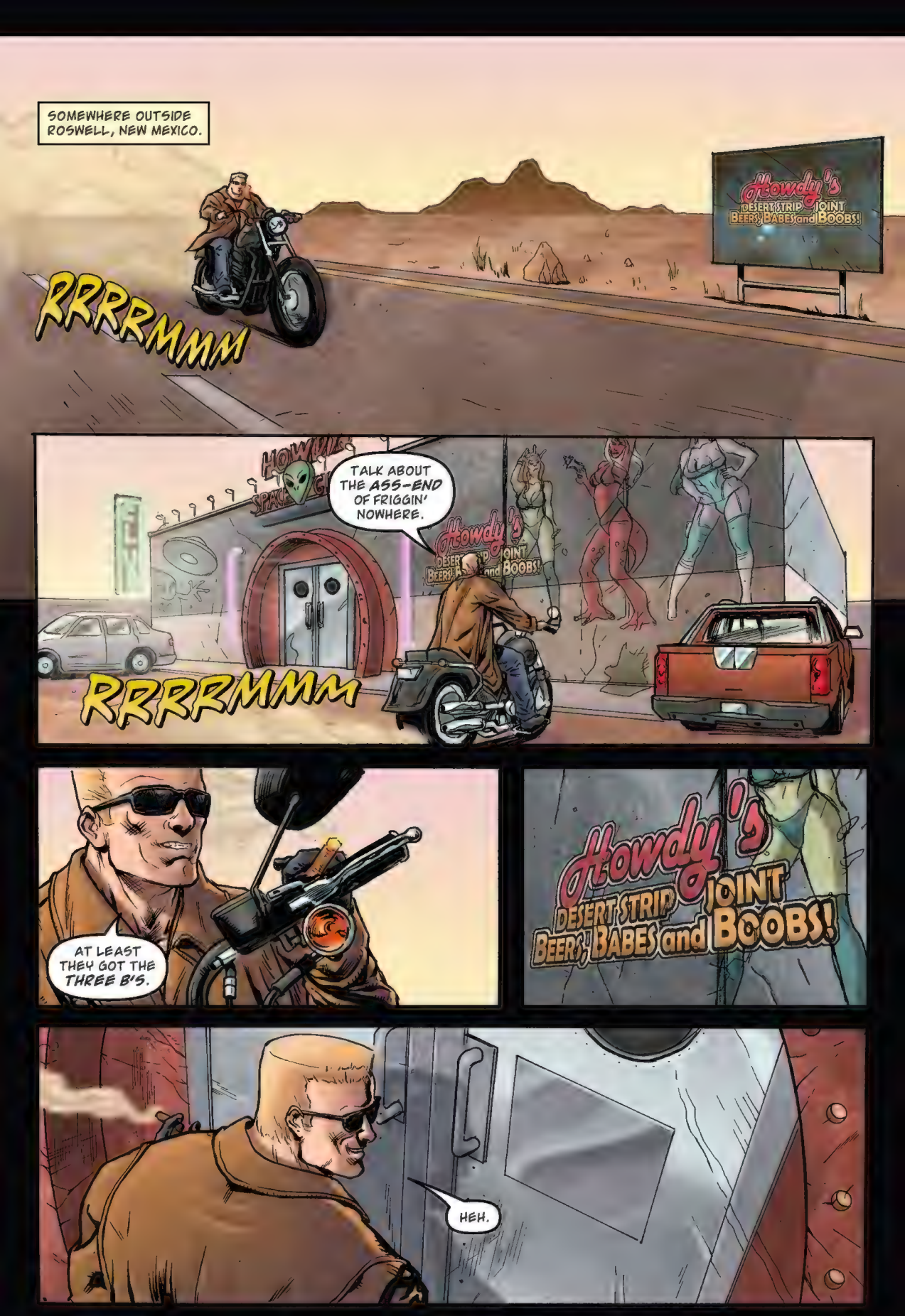
AW, SCHEISSE.

BLAM

PUSSY.
DÄNE-MARK
Ostpreußen

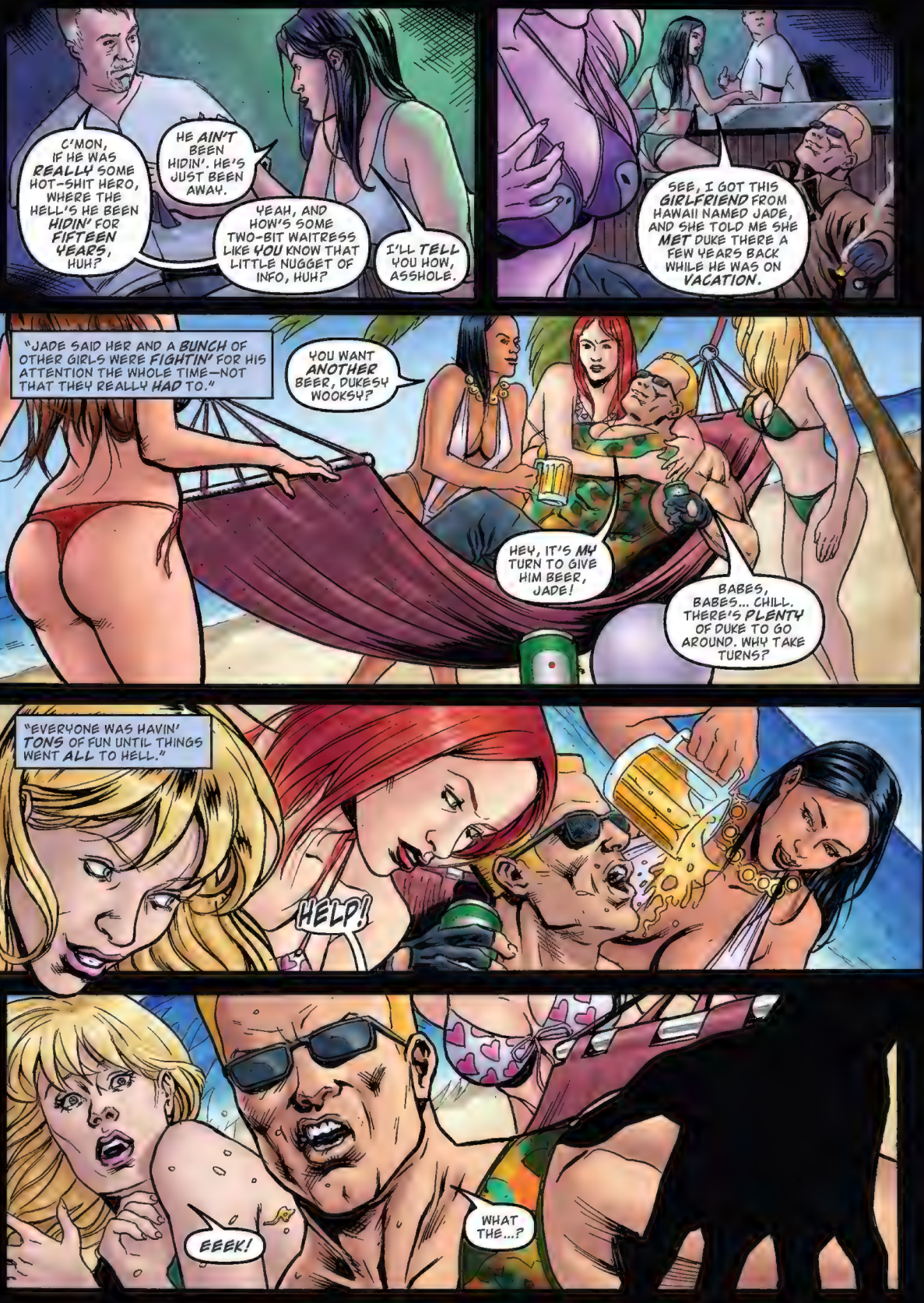

CASA NUKEM. PRESENT DAY.
FOOM
HOME SWEET HOME.
AH, MON AMI, YOU HAVE RETURNED, AS I KNEW YOU WOULD.
YEAH. JUST HAD TO TAKE A LITTLE DETOUR ON THE WAY.
OUI. I REMEMBER.
IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU HOME SAFELY, SIR. I'VE NO DOUBTS YOU ARE EXTREMELY THIRSTY.
LIKE A FISH OUTTA WATER, RONALD.
I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU, AS WELL, MON AMI. A LITTLE ZANK YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE DONE.
MAY I INTRODUCE MY GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTERS, MIMI AND FIFI. I HAVE TOLD ZEM MUCH ABOUT YOU AND ZEY HAVE BEEN ANXIOUS TO MAKE YOUR, HOW YOU SAY... ACQUAINTANCE.
BONJOUR!
FRENCH TWINS, EH?
RONALD, BRING THAT BEER KEG TO MY BEDROOM, WILLYA?
HOW WOULD YOU LADIES LIKE A LITTLE TASTE OF OL' DUKE'S BIG CROISSANT?
GIGGLE
GIGGLE
AH, DUKE NUKEM...
...ZANK GOODNESS SOME ZINGS NEVER CHANGE.
THE END.

BALLS OF STEEL LIMITED EDITION VIDEO GAME EXCLUSIVE PACK-IN COMIC


SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.
RRRRMMM
Howdy's DESERT STRIP JOINT BEERS, BABES and BOOBS!!
TALK ABOUT THE ASS-END OF FRIGGIN' NOWHERE.
RRRRMMM
AT LEAST THEY GOT THE THREE B'S.
Howdy's DESERT STRIP JOINT BEERS, BABES and BOOBS!
HEH.

SO, WHO'S A GUY GOTTA KILL AROUND HERE TO GET A BEER?
DUKE NUKEM IN
"ANOTHER HOLE IN THE WALL"

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YA IN JUST A SEC, SUGAR. YOU SAY YOU WANT A BEER?
YEAH.
WHAT KIND?
TELL YOU WHAT, BABE—YOU CAN START WITH THE ICE-COLD KIND YOU GOT ON YOUR TRAY, HERE...
...AND THEN KEEP 'EM COMIN'.
HOLY SHIT, HOWDY, DID YOU SEE THAT GUY WHO JUST CAME IN?
YEAH. SO?
YOU KNOW WHO HE LOOKS JUST LIKE?
NO. WHO?
DUKE NUKEM! YOU KNOW, THE GUY THAT USED BE ON TV ALL THE TIME, SAVIN' THE WORLD AND STUFF.
HIM?
NAHHH, MONICA, NOT EVEN CLOSE.
'SIDES, EVERYONE KNOWS THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS NO DUKE NUKEM.
IT WAS ALL JUST A BUNCH OF BULLSHIT LIES THE TV FOLKS USED TO TELL TO KEEP DIMWIT CHICKS LIKE YOU ALL HOT AND BOTHERED.
SCREW YOU, HOWDY! THOSE STORIES WERE ALL TRUE. YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, IS ALL.
HEH. YEAH, RIGHT.


C'MON, IF HE WAS REALLY SOME HOT-SHIT HERO, WHERE THE HELL'S HE BEEN HIDIN' FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, HUH?
HE AIN'T BEEN HIDIN'. HE'S JUST BEEN AWAY.
YEAH, AND HOW'S SOME TWO-BIT WAITRESS LIKE YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE NUGGET OF INFO, HUH?
I'LL TELL YOU HOW, ASSHOLE.
SEE, I GOT THIS GIRLFRIEND FROM HAWAII NAMED JADE, AND SHE TOLD ME SHE MET DUKE THERE A FEW YEARS BACK WHILE HE WAS ON VACATION.
"JADE SAID HER AND A BUNCH OF OTHER GIRLS WERE FIGHTIN' FOR HIS ATTENTION THE WHOLE TIME—NOT THAT THEY REALLY HAD TO."
YOU WANT ANOTHER BEER, DUKESY WOOKSY?
HEY, IT'S MY TURN TO GIVE HIM BEER, JADE!
BABES, BABES... CHILL. THERE'S PLENTY OF DUKE TO GO AROUND. WHY TAKE TURNS?
"EVERYONE WAS HAVIN' TONS OF FUN UNTIL THINGS WENT ALL TO HELL."
HELP!
EEEK!
WHAT THE...?

SHARKS!
NOT SHARKS– SMART SHARKS!*
WE BRING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! WE THIRST FOR BLOOD AND WE HUNGER FOR FLESH! WE CRAVE VENGEANCE!
*SYNTHETICALLY MUTATED ATTACK ROBOT TERRORIST SHARKS!
WE WANT DUKE NUKEM!

HEH. AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES "SMART" SHARKS.
HERE, BABE, HOLD THIS FOR A SEC, WILLYA?
I'M ABOUT TO GET ALL MAHI MAHI ON THESE STINKIN' MINNOWS' ASSES.
SO, WHICH ONE OF YOU FISH STICKS WANTS TO BE FILLETED FIRST?
ATTACK!
DESTROY DUKE NUKEM!

NOTHIN' WORSE THAN A BUNCH OF GUPPIES ON 'ROIDS THINKIN' THEY'RE TOUGH SHIT.
KERACK
THAT'S OKAY, THOUGH—
SCHWIP
—ALL THIS R-AND-R'S GOT ME FEELIN' LAZY.
I NEEDED AN EXCUSE TO FLEX SOME MUSCLE.
GLICE

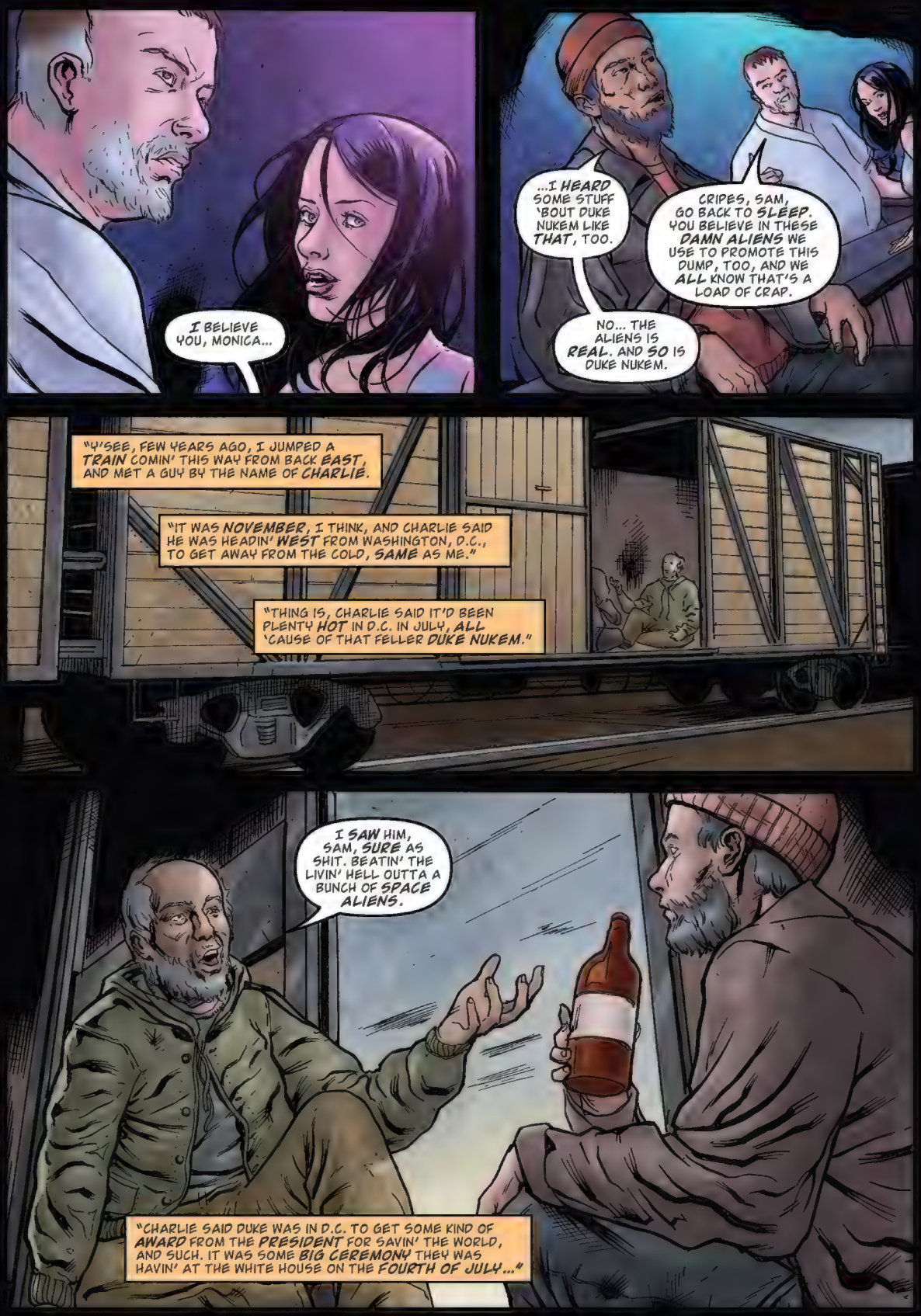
YOU'RE DEAD, NUKEM!
WHOP
ZWAK
DEAD? NAH, SUSHI FOR BRAINS—I'M JUST GETTIN' STARTED.
FIRST, SOME EXERCISE TO GET THE BLOOD FLOWIN'—
FWIP
FWIP
SCHWIP
SCHWIP
AAAGH!
—YOUR BLOOD, NOT MINE.

SECOND, A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE TO MAKE THIS A REAL PARTY.
JUST LIKE FISH IN A BARREL, BABY. FISH IN A BARREL.
FZHAP
FZHAP
FZHAP
HALF SHARKS, HALF ROBOTS. ALL DEAD.
HEH.
SEIZE THE WOMEN! THEY ARE NUKEM'S GREATEST WEAKNESS!
WE OBEY, LEADER!
RAAAH!
DUKE, HELP US!

STUPID MOVE, SHRIMPS.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU SARDINE SHITHEADS INTERRUPT MY LITTLE LUAU LOVEFEST...
EERK!
...BUT YOU SHOULD NEVER, EVER...
...EVER...
UFF!

...MESS WITH MY BABES!
EWWWW!
SHHRRIIIIP
NO! ALL IS LOST!
RETREAT! RETREAT!
DON'T KNOW WHAT RETREAT MEANS, BUT I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH THIS.
ALL THIS BRAWLIN'S GOT DUKE HUNGRY AS HELL...
GAGK!

LATER...
=>CHOMP<=
=>CHOMP<=
BUUUUUURP!
C'MON, GIRLS, TIME TO HEAD OVER TO MY CABANA FOR A LITTLE BEDROOM LIMBO.
OL' DUKE'S GONNA SHOW YOU EXACTLY HOW LOW HE CAN GO.
HEE HEE! OH, DUKESY...
"JADE TOLD ME THE PARTY LASTED FOR THREE DAYS STRAIGHT..."
...AND SHE SAID IT WAS THE MOST FUN SHE EVER HAD GOING DOWN ON A LIMBO POLE.
AND YOU BELIEVE THAT SKANK'S STORY, DO YA? C'MON! WHAT A CROCK OF SHIT.


I BELIEVE YOU, MONICA...
...I HEARD SOME STUFF 'BOUT DUKE NUKEM LIKE THAT, TOO.
CRIPES, SAM, GO BACK TO SLEEP. YOU BELIEVE IN THESE DAMN ALIENS WE USE TO PROMOTE THIS DUMP, TOO, AND WE ALL KNOW THAT'S A LOAD OF CRAP.
NO... THE ALIENS IS REAL. AND SO IS DUKE NUKEM.
"Y'SEE, FEW YEARS AGO, I JUMPED A TRAIN COMIN' THIS WAY FROM BACK EAST, AND MET A GUY BY THE NAME OF CHARLIE.
"IT WAS NOVEMBER, I THINK, AND CHARLIE SAID HE WAS HEADIN' WEST FROM WASHINGTON, D.C., TO GET AWAY FROM THE COLD, SAME AS ME."
"THING IS, CHARLIE SAID IT'D BEEN PLENTY HOT IN D.C. IN JULY, ALL 'CAUSE OF THAT FELLER DUKE NUKEM."
I SAW HIM, SAM, SURE AS SHIT. BEATIN' THE LIVIN' HELL OUTTA A BUNCH OF SPACE ALIENS.
"CHARLIE SAID DUKE WAS IN D.C. TO GET SOME KIND OF AWARD FROM THE PRESIDENT FOR SAVIN' THE WORLD, AND SUCH. IT WAS SOME BIG CEREMONY THEY WAS HAVIN' AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE FOURTH OF JULY..."

"...A REAL FANCY SHINDIG."
BUT, DUKE, WE'RE GONNA MISS YOU WHILE YOU'RE GONE.
DON'T WORRY, LADIES, WHEN I GET BACK FROM THE WHITE HOUSE WITH MY AWARD, I'LL LET YOU ALL TAKE TURNS POLISHING MY TROPHY.
IT'S GOOD TO BE THE KING.
"EVERYONE, INCLUDIN' DUKE, WAS JUST WAITIN' TO GET THEIR SECURITY SCREENIN' BEFORE THEY WENT INTO THE WHITE HOUSE...
AAAAAAGH!
"...WHEN THINGS ALL OF A SUDDEN TURNED BAD."
I WARNED THAT PUNK NOT TO TOUCH MY JUNK.
MOMMY...
NOW THIS IS MY KINDA SECURITY. I THINK A STRIP SEARCH IS IN ORDER, LADIES.
EARTH SCUM, HEAR ME!

WE'VE COME FROM A DISTANT GALAXY WITH ONE IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR YOUR PATHETIC RACE—TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER...
...SO WE CAN KILL HIM!
YOU PUSSY-ASS ROCKET JOCKEYS PICKED THE WRONG PARTY TO CRASH.
I WAS GETTIN' SICK OF THIS MONKEY SUIT, ANYWAYS.
RIIIIIIP
OKAY...
...WHO WANTS SOME?

DESTROY HIM! HE IS NOTHING!
YOU KNOW, I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE, AND IT SOUNDED DUMB AS SHIT, THEN, TOO.
BUT, YOU'RE RIGHT—I AM NOTHIN'.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
GRGK!
BA-BOOM
NOTHIN' BUT A GRADE-A ASS KICKER.

HE KILLED XENFOR-6! HE MUST DIE!
YO, E.T....
SCHLIP
AND AS FOR THE BIG MOUTH...
...TIME TO PHONE HOME!

...TIME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE NOT-SO-FRIENDLY SKIES, ASSHOLE.
YOU WILL NOT STOP ME, HUMAN! I CANNOT BE DEFEATED.
WILL NOT, CANNOT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS ALIEN GIBBERISH.
PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEATS AND FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS...
BLAM BLAM BLAM
...'CAUSE WE'RE IN FOR SOME HEAVY TURBULENCE, FOLKS.
BA-DOM
"CHARLIE SAID IT WAS THE BEST FIREWORKS SHOW HE'D EVER SEEN.
"AND THEY STILL HAD THAT BIG PARTY FOR DUKE AT THE WHITE HOUSE..."

ALL I KNOW IS YOU'RE AS FULL OF HORSESHIT AS MONICA HERE. I'M TELLIN' YOU GULLIBLE IDIOTS, THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS NO DUKE NUKEM, AND THERE SURE AS HELL AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS GAWDAMN SPACE ALIENS.
NOW, JUST—
...CHARLIE EVEN HEARD DUKE HAD HIMSELF SOME INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS IN THE LINCOLN BEDROOM WITH A HOT, FOREIGN AMBASSADOR LADY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
LISTEN UP!
FOOM
YOU KNOW, I'VE ALREADY PLAYED THIS GAME BEFORE, YOU STINKIN' PIGS, AND IT ALWAYS ENDS THE SAME WAY...
WE'RE HERE FOR YOUR FEMALES, HUMANS! FIRST ROSWELL, THEN LAS VEGAS...
...THEN THE WORLD!
...WITH MY BOOT UP YOUR ASS.

OH, SHIT! DUKE NUKEM!
WE'RE BACON.
TOLD YA SO, HOWDY.
I... I... UH...
SORRY TO BREAK IT TO YOU, FELLAS, BUT THIS AIN'T NO SAUSAGE PARTY.
I'M GONNA HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE THE PREMISES...
SPLATCH
...PERMANENTLY.

SCREW THIS!
FOOM
THAT LITTLE PIGGY JUST WENT WEE WEE WEE... ALL DOWN HIS LEG.
GLUB GLUB GLUB
BLURRRRP!
FOR THE BEER.
WHAT? NO TIP?
YEAH, I GOT A TIP FOR YOU, YOU FAT MORON...

...ALWAYS BET ON DUKE.
C'MON, BABES, LET'S GO PUT SOME SERIOUS SIN INTO SIN CITY.
IT'S TIME TO SHOW THOSE DAMN, DIRTY ALIENS WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS, STAYS IN VEGAS...
...STAYS DEAD.
ALIEN'S RHAPSODY
THE END... FOR NOW, PUNK.

ART GALLERY

Art by 2K Games

DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD

BALLS

OF STEEL

Previous Page:
Art by John K. Snyder III

This Page:
Art by Xermanico
Colors by Luis Antonio Delgado

DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD

IT'S GOOD

TO BE THE KING

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DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD

SURPRISE

YOU'RE DEAD

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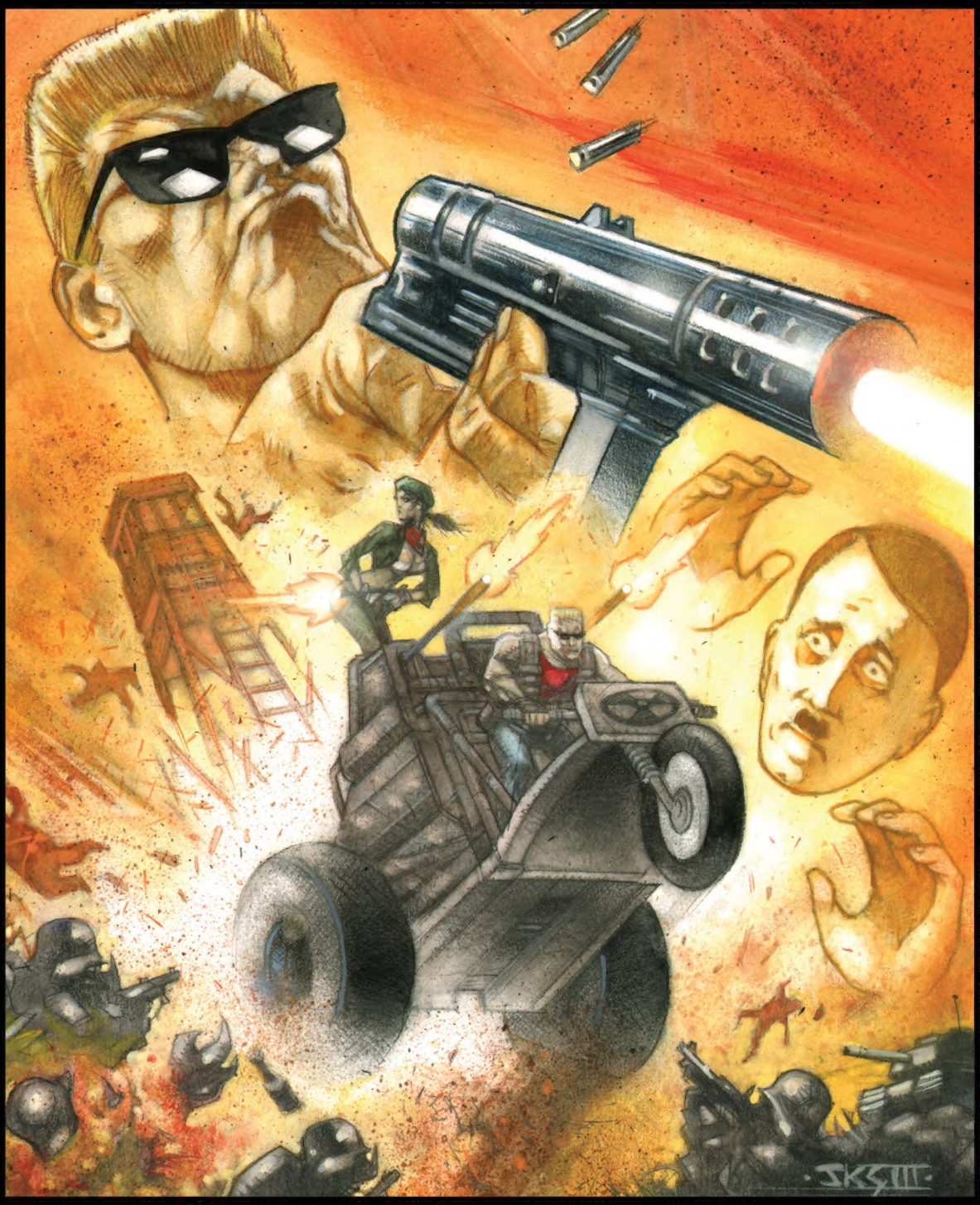
DUKE NUKEM

GLORIOUS BASTARD



IT'S MY WAY OR...

HELL, IT'S MY WAY

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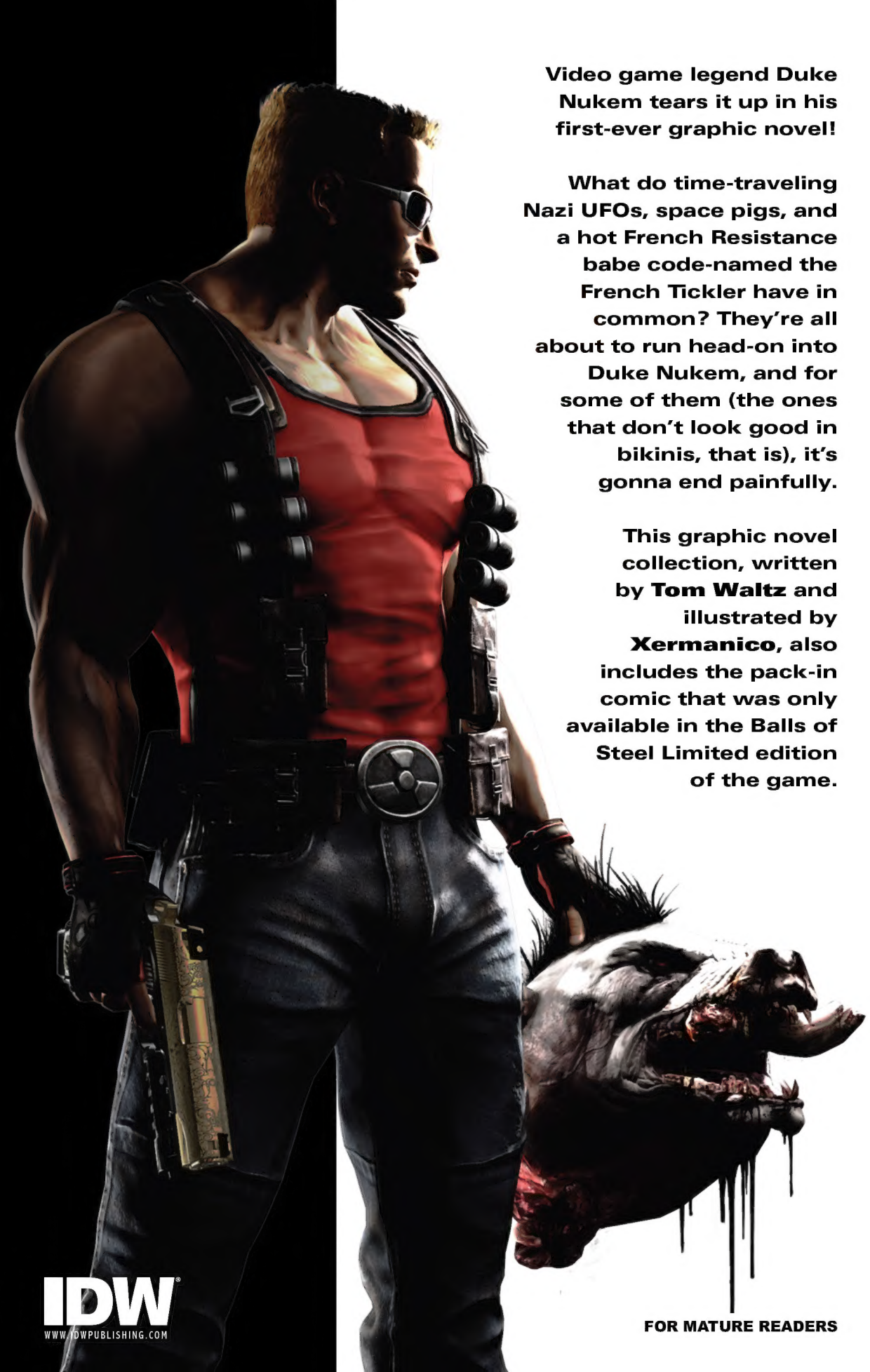

Video game legend Duke Nukem tears it up in his first-ever graphic novel!

What do time-traveling Nazi UFOs, space pigs, and a hot French Resistance babe code-named the French Tickler have in common? They're all about to run head-on into Duke Nukem, and for some of them (the ones that don't look good in bikinis, that is), it's gonna end painfully.

This graphic novel collection, written by Tom Waltz and illustrated by Xermanico, also includes the pack-in comic that was only available in the Balls of Steel Limited edition of the game.

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